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## Au Courant.

IN the midst of all the talk about Mrs. Keeley, it seems to have been generally forgotten that the veteran lady was at one time a singer on the lyric stage. The author of "Musical Haunts in London," reminds us of the circumstance by an anecdote which he recently had from Mrs. Keeley herself in connection with the production of Weber's *Oberon*. She was then Miss Goward, and she sang the well-known "Mermaid's Song" at the first performance. The song was successively declined by two other vocalists, when Sir George Smart said, "Little Goward will sing it," and she did. The "Mermaid" had to sing at the back of the stage, where it was extremely difficult to hear the soft accompaniment. At the first general rehearsal the effect was not quite satisfactory, and Fawcett, the stage-manager, impatiently exclaimed, "That must come out—it won't go!" Weber, very feeble, was standing in the pit, leaning on the back of the orchestra, and he shouted, "Wherefore shall it not go?" and, leaping over the partition like a boy, he took the place of Smart, and thus saved the excision of the song. After the first performance, Weber came to Miss Goward, and placing his hand on her shoulder, said: "My little girl, you sang that very nicely; but what for did you put in that note?"—referring to an *appoggiatura* she had added. The "little girl" is now in her ninety-fifth year.

SIGNOR PIATTI has received a warm welcome from his many admirers on his return after a long illness. The veteran is now in his seventy-fourth year, and he has been so long associated with the Monday and Saturday Popular Concerts that the patrons of that ancient institution might well have begun to fear that they had heard him for the last time. Receiving his musical education at Milan, Signor Piatti was in 1846 offered the post of a Professor at the Conservatoire there, but he declined it and came to London, which from that time he has only left occasionally, either for concerts or for the benefit of his health. He is not only the most important cellist in England, but belongs altogether to the highest rank of artists of the present time. The *Violet Cover*, by the way, has the good taste to remind him that "in the natural course of events" he cannot expect to appear amongst us "for more than a few seasons at the outside." What if Piatti should live to see the death of the *Violet Cover* itself? More unlikely things have happened.

A LADY doctor of music, who is also a Bachelor of Arts, Miss Annie W. Paterson, recently delivered a lecture in London on

"The Harp and Irish Music," in the course of which she referred to the famous Brian Boru harp, now at Trinity College, Dublin, which is generally supposed to be the oldest instrument of its kind in the world. There was some idea that it existed in the eleventh century; but Dr. Petrie, the eminent antiquarian, suggests that it was made 300 years later. In any case, it is a fine old instrument of thirty strings, and was last publicly played on in Limerick in 1770 by Arthur O'Neill, a distinguished harpist.

It takes very little to make a theatre audience laugh, but now and again an unrehearsed effect gives cause for genuine merriment. An incident of the kind happened at the performance of *Fidelio* with which the renovated Berlin Opera House was recently opened. Herr Joseph Kainz was the Meister von Palingod, and the laurel wreath which he tears from his head accidentally fell off. Herr Kainz, blissfully unconscious of this, clutched his wig, and tore it off in tragic ecstasy. The audience was convulsed with laughter, and we are told that even the Emperor laughed. But I know a better story than this. Weber's *Der Freischütz* was being performed at the theatre of a little town in Germany. The manager, unable to procure a bird of prey for the scene in which Max brings down an eagle with the enchanted bullet, ordered a hare to be dropped on the stage. The effect was electrical. Every spectator laughed, and the laughter grew into a wild tumult when Caspar, lifting the hare, exclaimed, "Dost thou suppose that this bird was given to thee?" It would be hard to beat that.

THE story reminds me of some things I met with in the course of reading Mr. Sims Reeves' reminiscences the other day. In Dublin the humour of the operatic audiences used to be often very trying to foreigners. Paglieri, for example, was addressed as Paddy Leary; and once, when playing "Edgardo," some one called out, "Is that Mr. Leary singing, or is it the gas iscapin'?" To Paglieri succeeded Damcke. The audience called him Donkey. "You haven't got the key, Mr. Donkey," resounded from all parts of the house, and Damcke had to retire. It is a pity we haven't more humour of that kind now; it would make up for the too-frequent dulness on the stage.

A NEW musical body, to be known as "The Amateur Operatic Society of London," has just been formed, with Mr. Sidney P. Waddington as musical director. It is admittedly a matter of some difficulty for good singers to get a proper stage training, and the new society, having been founded entirely for the benefit of students possessing decided talent

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and inclination for operatic performances, will undoubtedly do something towards removing that difficulty. From the prospectus sent to me, I learn that there will be at least three public performances of different operas annually, and it is intended that they shall reach such a high standard of perfection that the various charitable institutions of London and vicinity will be willing to accept the gratuitous services of the Society for the repetition of such operas. Rehearsals, I may add, will be held every Monday, from 2.30 to 6 p.m., at the Cavendish Rooms, Mortimer Street, W.

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MR. HENSCHEL, being apparently dissatisfied with the external appearance of the present style of grand piano, has had an instrument made to a new design of his own. A good many people have denounced the legs of the "grand" as inartistic, and various attempts have been made to render them more agreeable to the eye. Sir Edward Burne-Jones, for example, has ingeniously substituted for these conventional legs a stand partaking of the character of the old trestles with which the obsolete harpsichord was provided. Mr. Alma Tadema, again, has replaced the single legs by massive columns and twin-pillars, Byzantine in style. Mr. Henschel's legs are of a still different character. He uses six massive Jacobian columns. They are not spiral, but are turned ball upon ball, the ball or ellipse, which is situated two-thirds of the way up the leg, being twice the size of its neighbours; thus forming, as it were, a capital to each column. These columns, further, are connected together by horizontal stretchers or beams. The latter ingeniously follow the outline of the piano itself, and are intersected by two other beams meeting under the middle of the body of the instrument in the form of a St. Andrew's cross, the lower arms of which—i.e., those nearest the pedals—are curved outwards. In regard to the pedals Mr. Henschel makes another departure from custom by dispensing with the conventional lyre ornament. He prefers to allow the pedal rods to work between two columns, turned in the same ball-upon-ball fashion as the legs. Further, the castors attached to the legs are effectually hidden by means of large ellipsoidal bases, which impart an appearance of great strength in keeping with the weight of the modern iron or steel Grand. An instrument has just been made to these new designs by Messrs. Broadwood for Mr. Henschel's house at Bedford Gardens, Kensington.

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SOME snobbish people having hinted that the Leeds Festival chorus is largely made up of factory workers, Mr. F. R. Spark, the honorary secretary of the Festival, has somewhat unnecessarily given himself the trouble of analysing the personnel of the choir. The chorus at the last Festival numbered 345—161 women and 184 men. Forty-seven of the women are married, and may thus be said to have "no occupation." There are besides, 67 single women of "no occupation," thus making a total of 114, who have happily to do nothing for their living. Then there are 25 school teachers and music teachers. Only 15 are described as factory workers, and, strange to say, 14 of these hail from Huddersfield. To complete the 161 women, seven are classed as shop-girls. Of the 184 men, 21 are stated to be factory workers; and here again Huddersfield claims no fewer than 16 of these. Shop-assistants and tradesmen number 49. There are 18 teachers; 56 clerks and travellers; and 40 shopmen and warehousemen, making the total of 184. This will effectually dispose of the

silly notion entertained in some quarters that the Yorkshire singers are so superior because they are factory workers, and so come under the improving influence of large quantities of machinery oil! There seems no reason for disputing Mr. Spark's conclusion that the West Riding voices are good because they are cultivated.

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VARIOUS methods have been adopted in order to determine whether a man has more liquor in his head than he ought to have. If he can pronounce certain tongue-twisters clearly and distinctly, for example, his sobriety may be left unquestioned. A new test has just been suggested by a decision in one of the law courts. A flautist engaged at a music hall was dismissed without notice on a charge of being drunk. It was admitted that he continued to play the whole of the evening, and that he was permitted to do so. The judge, therefore, awarded the player one week's salary in lieu of notice, and allowed him costs. The point is therefore now decided: if a man can play the flute he is sober. Still, there are some things yet to be settled. What, for example, should be the test for the man who manages the big drum?

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A CLERGYMAN of a sanguine turn once prophesied that the day would come when members of church choirs would behave as well as other people. The Rev. W. M. Shepherd, Vicar of St. John's, Carlisle, has not got the prophetic faculty, and he is going to hurry up the millennium himself. Mr. Shepherd has—or rather had—a young lady in his choir who so far forgot herself as to take part in a recent performance of *Iolanthe* at a local theatre. Miss Gibson, for that is the lady's name, made one of the chorus of fairies on the occasion, and she appears to have done the fairy "business" so well that all the young men of the town made her the subject of their delighted conversation. This was too much for Mr. Shepherd, and so he sat down and wrote Miss Gibson the following letter:

"DEAR MISS GIBSON,—I can hardly tell you how grieved and shocked I am to hear you have been appearing for several nights on the stage of the Carlisle theatre. It has grieved me more than anything that has occurred in connection with St. John's during many years past. You have also afforded, I hear, merriment among the young men of the choir, who freely commented upon your appearance on the stage. You will quite understand how impossible it is for me to ask you to continue to be a member of St. John's choir. I write this with great sorrow and disappointment, but your appearance in the choir would cause so much unpleasant comment, and give so much umbrage and hinder my spiritual work to such an extent, that I should despair of recovering such a blow for years to come.—Yours, with much regret and painful disappointment, W. M. SHEPHERD.

"P.S.—If God has given you a voice to sing, why not use it for His glory, and not for the god of this world. 'Choose you this day whom you will serve. If the Lord be God, follow Him; if Baal, follow him,' but you cannot do both."

It should be added that the amateur company who performed *Iolanthe* comprise people who are to a large extent members of church choirs in Carlisle, and belong to the most respectable class in the community. No wonder, then, that there is much indignation in Carlisle over the treatment that Miss Gibson has received.

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LADY HALLÉ is to have a testimonial on the attainment of her artistic jubilee in the autumn of 1896. As a juvenile pro-





digy of seven, she made her first public appearance at Vienna in 1846, although she was not heard in London until three years later, when she played at the old Princess Theatre. The story of Lady Hallé's first efforts on the violin is a curious one. Her family had been musicians for generations, and her father was an organist and the principal teacher of music in Brunn, Ernst's native town. As a child Lady Hallé could not be persuaded to take any interest in the piano, but she was greatly attracted by the violin, which her little brother played. It was a red violin, and the child took it into her head to play it when the others were out of the way. This went on for some time, until one day her father came in suddenly, and hearing, as he thought, his son playing, remarked, "My boy certainly makes great progress." Judge of his astonishment when he discovered that the player was really his daughter, who had never had a lesson in her life! The little girl was so terribly frightened that she burst into tears, and cried, "Oh, I won't do it again!" But she did do it again, and the result we all know.

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MONS. EDGAR TINEL, whose *St. Francis* was so warmly received at the last Cardiff Festival, will visit Cardiff in the spring of 1897, and conduct another of his works. The following is an extract from a letter just received by Mr. W. Rönnfeldt from the composer: "I have great pleasure in accepting the Cardiff Musical Society's invitation to go to Cardiff in April, 1897, to conduct my *Mohndrömer*; and it is likewise with sincere gratitude that I accept the title of vice-president of the Society. I felt convinced in my own mind that Cardiff and I should meet again ere long. As a proof of this I have begun to study the English language very hard. When I have learned all the exceptions I shall have mastered the whole grammar. It is a fearful business. It takes up my time during the day, and fills my dreams at night." Cardiff has much to answer for. The composer, however, may be thankful that he has not to learn Welsh.

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AFTER an absence of nearly six years, the Carl Rosa Opera Company is about to pay us a visit in London. The stage version of Berlioz's *Faust* will be presented by the company, and Mr. MacCunn's opera, *Jeanie Deans*, will be given for the first time in London. Many people will be interested to hear the latter work, Mr. MacCunn's first essay in opera. How they will take it is another question. The libretto has been made out of Scott's novel, *The Heart of Midlothian*, by Mr. Joseph Bennett. Joseph has strung his scenes very loosely together—so loosely indeed that the Scottish critics declared last year that, had it not been that the audiences had an intimate knowledge of the novel, the opera, during the first act, at any rate, would fall into chaos from unintelligibility. Happily the music is said to cover a multitude of artistic sins in this way. It reconciles one, in places, to the ineptitude of the librettist, and that in itself is a distinct triumph. But it does more. In not a few of its movements, notably in the devotional passages and in Jeanie's pleading before the Queen, the music is touched to fine fervour of effect in the deft manner of the great masters. Mr. MacCunn has eschewed the *Leitmotiv*, which in some respects a thing to be thankful for, though on the other hand such sign-posts are not without their use since set tunes have gone out of fashion. Fine as some of the music is, however, the opera is not fine as a whole; Mr. MacCunn's inspiration must have been fettered by the banalities of the libretto. Briefly, this opera is the work of a clever

musician who is perhaps too youthfully conscious of his cleverness, and a little too scornful of the popular taste for tunefulness. Yet it has within its compass a sufficiency of fine treatment to warrant the belief that its author will achieve in opera a great accomplishment, of which *Jeanie Deans* is the distinguished promise.

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FROM returns issued by the Local Government Board, it appears that in 1871 there were 19,000 men and women teachers of music in England and Wales. In 1891 there were 19,495 men teachers of music and 19,111 women teachers. This shows the value of statistics. There must be three or four women teachers of music to one man teacher. Yet because they only half "profess" the subject and live with relatives, the great majority of women teachers escape the census returns. As it is, the numbers are appalling enough.

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A RECENT writer professes to have discovered a new cure for insomnia. At one of the Monday Popular Concerts he noticed that a large number of the audience, especially the men, were reduced to a somnolent condition by listening to Beethoven's Quartet in B flat, Opus 8. "They opened one eye at Rosenthal's boyish wild romp over the piano in Brahms' theme by Paganini, and they moved restlessly, with shut eyes, during the grand Beethoven trio by Rosenthal, Wolff, and Ludwig; but on the whole they enjoyed two hours of sound sleep, Beethoven acting as soporifically as a country sermon. So for the future, instead of massage and bromide of strontium, I am confident that fifteen minutes of Beethoven will cure the most hardened insomniac." Bacon remarks that "too much attention hindreth sleep," and the application of the remark to music as a cure for insomnia is perfectly plain.

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THE music hall is either improving mightily, or our musicians are becoming much more condescending. Sir Arthur Sullivan, as has already been announced, is now busy on a ballet for the Alhambra Theatre; and now Mr. Sims Reeves, being apparently so delighted with his success at the London Empire, is making a round of certain music halls in the provinces. On the whole it is rather a sad spectacle this, of the once-eminent tenor trolling out "The death of Nelson" and "My pretty Jane" on the variety stage. But curious things have happened to Mr. Sims Reeves lately. Not only has he sold his house at Norwood, but he has sold his presentation plate. It would seem also as if he had sold his good name; for, talk as you will about the "elevation" of the music hall, it cannot be said that this recent departure on the part of the tenor is calculated to bring any great honour to the art.

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I REGRET to observe that an appeal has had to be made to the public on behalf of Madame Bodda-Pyne, who, at sixty-seven years of age, is in absolute poverty. Those whose privilege it was to hear Miss Louisa Pyne when in her prime, will not readily forget the impression made on them by this conscientious artist. She did much for English music in producing operas by native composers, and by earnest effort raised the character of the lyric stage. When it is remembered that her present need arises from no imprudence on her part, but from money losses over which she had no control—that she contributed largely to the maintenance of her parents and the education of younger members of her family—that she deferred

her marriage for twenty years from a sense of family duty, that she worked continuously for fifty-eight years—when all this is recalled, the announcement that she is now a widow, childless, and in failing health, must strike every one as peculiarly sad. There ought to be no difficulty in raising a fund which will ensure comfortable provision for her for the remainder of her life. Lady Thompson, 35, Wimpole Street, will thankfully receive donations for this purpose, or they may be paid to the "Louisa Pyne Fund," at the National Provincial Bank of England, Baker Street.

## Musical Life in London.

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### CONCERNING FOREIGN PIANISTS.

IN that common politeness which is becoming so uncommon now-a-days, I should, I suppose, apologise to the several scores of foreign pianists who will not be noticed in this or any succeeding article of mine. I really have nothing to say about them; and they can show no reason why anything should be said. Artistically, they are as like as so many Chinamen. They have all, or nearly all, been to Leipzig or some other conservatoire, and by ordinary teaching and ordinary practice acquired a certain technical mastery of the key-board, on the strength of which they apparently think they will be able to carry all London before them. So, poor wretches, they save or borrow a few pounds and are dreadfully sick in crossing the Channel, and they reach here and recover, and get Mr. Vert, or Mr. Daniel Meyer, or Concert-Director Ernest Cavour, to hire a hall for them, and they print programmes, and advertise, and when the day comes they go to the hall, and have it nearly entirely to themselves, and play, and so the great event passes, and they go back to their own people and their own land, and—if they are wise—talk about their unheard-of success, or—if they are foolish—rave about the unmusicality of the stupid, inartistic English people. For a time the invasion was a little less persistent, and on a smaller scale than it was a few years ago. But the success of Sauer (for he had a short-lived success: even when I spoke most severely of him, I never denied that he had a vogue), and of Rosenthal more recently, seems to have re-inspired the foreign student with the old notion of conquering London, and lately he has come across more numerous than ever before in my experience. I can only hope that the failure of many specimens of him to get a hearing at all may discourage the other specimens at home. Meantime, am I going to encourage the fearful traffic by noticing—ever so moderately—the best of these wretched creatures? Not I; for I know that if they see a favourable line about themselves in an English paper it tempts them to try their bad luck again as soon as they have saved or borrowed another few precious pounds. Rather will I do everything in my power to induce them to stay at home. I would notice them if I thought that would have the effect I desire.

Even of Rosenthal and Reisenhauer my mention must be of the briefest. Rosenthal is a pianist of stupendous arm-power. He will smash up an Erard or Steinway in less time than any other man I know, and if only there were a sufficient number of old pianos in the world, it might be a good speculation on the part of some *entrepreneur* to engage him to convert them into

firewood. He would do it in less time than a wood-splitting machine; and if he did it publicly—say in the Aquarium—a good deal might be made in the way of "gate money." But as an artist—well, all I have to say is that he is "not in it" with Paderewski, for he is scarcely an artist at all. Reisenhauer has a good deal more of the artist about him: he has a touch—not a very heavy one—of the artistic temperament. But he is very unreliable. I don't remember whether I mentioned in my last article that one of his recitals had to be postponed on account of his sudden "indisposition"; and that sort of thing is not very alluring to the hard-worked musical critic. And after all, he is nothing so very "extra special" that I need stay to consider him any longer. Perhaps some day another really great piano artist will turn up—one that may rank with Paderewski; and when that happens I will talk about his renderings, his technique, and so forth; but until then—no, thank you!

### CRYSTAL PALACE CONCERTS.

The first half of the present series of these concerts is now over; and in summing it up, I am bound to say it has been in no way especially noticeable. The novelties have been few, and of comparatively small interest; and the playing of well-known pieces has been as good as we expect from Mr. Manns—just that and nothing more. I hope Mr. Manns is not getting discouraged by the poor attendances. Depend upon it they will get better again. The advent of Mottl and Nikisch have made a lot of people think it a pity to spend money and time in getting to the Palace on a Saturday afternoon when they can hear continental conductors in Queen's Hall more regularly of an evening than was once possible. But all the Palace directors need do is to see that the trains run faster, and that the programmes are made equal in interest to those of Richter, Mottl, Nikisch or Levy, even if the cost in rehearsal is a little more; and the people will flock Sydenhamwards as of yore they did. For of late, be it confessed, the programmes have not been as good as they might be: the old things have been the least interesting of old things, and, as I have just remarked, the playing of them no better than we expect of Mr. Manns. Come, Messrs. the Directors, let us have a little more energy and enterprise on your part, and the public will speedily respond.

At the concert of November 23, Miss Agnes Janson sang and Madame Carreño (late Mrs. D'Albert) was the pianist. Frankly, I didn't pay the attention either to the playing or singing that a first-rate musical critic should. I was wondering whether I had ever heard Madame Carreño before. It is quite possible, for she has had a good many husbands in her time, and of course they had not all the same name. Whether Carreño is her own maiden name, or the name of one of her previous husbands, I cannot guess. The question is important to me at the moment, for if it is her own private name, then I have never heard her before; whereas if it belongs to a former husband, I may have. Hitherto I have been rather against artists assuming other names than their own, and even against ladies retaining their maiden names; but perhaps, on the whole, so long as their marital relations are so very fluctuating, it is better that they should each take a name on commencing artistic life, and stick to it with all their might henceforth. To return from this particular point to the occasion that raised it in my mind, Madame Carreño is not a bad player, but she is not a great one. She has a certain technical fluency, and her tone is rich and free so long as she does not hammer too



hard; but when she became vigorous, she at this concert brought noises out of the piano that might have made Grieg's hair stand on end, far off though he was, in Norway; for she played that composer's concerto in A minor. It is very far from being a splendid or impressive work: it is barely good enough to while away a Saturday afternoon. And as the audience applauded with great energy, it would seem that they like to have their Saturday whiled away with Grieg's music, as played by Madame Carreño; or else they were filled with a childlike delight because they had seen a lady who had had so many husbands. I don't venture to say which was the real reason. I applauded Madame Carreño's playing because I liked its freedom, its richness, its emotional quality—an emotion not very deep, nor going with any great intellectual insight, but pleasant in its way, and better a thousand times than the unemotional playing of the hundreds of piano-strummers of the day. Miss Agnes Janson sang artfully in songs by Berlioz and Brahms. Mr. Manns was not so good as I have heard him in Beethoven's Eighth Symphony; but that is not to say that he was not better than any other conductors except Mottl and Richter. His reading was full of vivacity and colour, and all it lacked was the occasional pure delicacy that Richter (and Manns, too, when he is at his best) can put into it. The first movement was best given; the Minuet went askew; the Allegretto wanted just a shade more lyric charm; the Finale the delicacy I speak of. But on the whole one is bound to say it was a beautiful bit of playing, though not of Mr. Manns' best.

I skipped a concert for some reason, and did not turn up again in my familiar place (next to a chair occupied by a very little and precocious child who beats time steadily through every number, until she tempts me to drop her over the gallery) until December 7. On this occasion the programme was indeed a noble one. It included a movement from Handel's fourth organ concerto, Bach's "Now praise, my soul, the Lord our God," Schubert's Unfinished Symphony, Brahms' *Song of Destiny*, Goetz's *Nornia*, and—great anticlimax—Saint-Saëns' piano concerto in G minor, and some wretched pieces by Sir A. C. Mackenzie. Mr. Hedgcock is a master of the organ, and he handled Handel's superb music artistically, and with an ease which was grateful after the way most organ-players nowadays distort the music they play when they change their stops. The Bach chorus (taken from the church cantata, "Praise God, the year draws to its ending") was made just a shade ponderous by the Crystal Palace choir, just a shade: half a breath less per hundred bars would have made it right. But it was worth hearing all the same, and the favour with which it was received should encourage Mr. Manns to try the result (in the way of fetching an audience) of putting on, say, the *Christmas Oratorio* or *Matthew Passion*, or more of the church cantatas. Goetz's short work contains a good deal of water, and many fine passages, notably that one at "Lo! forth she came from the sea," and seems to show conclusively that if its composer had lived he would, and not Brahms, have occupied the principal place in the world of European music at the present day. He had a better brain, more intellect, and some finer instincts, than Brahms. In the *Song of Destiny* we have Brahms both at his best and his worst—or almost his worst. The opening and finish are magnificent, but every time I hear that middle section I feel it to be more scrappy. Of course its deficiencies can be covered, and Mr. Manns covered them to an extent;

but he was too much occupied in looking after his choir to cover them altogether, and one realized forcibly that they were there. The Unfinished was indeed beautifully, pathetically, played. I adjourned during the Saint-Saëns concerto (which I hate, and which would have put me out of temper for hearing Goetz's cantata), and so cannot say how Madame Roger-Miclos played it; and I went away for good just before Mackenzie's pieces.

Apparently Saturday, December 14, was the 125th anniversary of Beethoven's birth; hence the Pops and Crystal Palace each had a Beethoven programme; hence, also, Mr. Henschel gave a performance of the D major Mass on the following Tuesday. The Pops bore me more every time I go, so I elected to hear the Heroic symphony, the *Prometheus* overture, and the fifth piano concerto, at the Palace instead. The Heroic got a worthy rendering, though not one to compare to Mottl's, which I shall presently do. Mr. Manns, for some reason, omitted the repeat in the first movement, which was annoying, and he took the Scherzo much too slow. But the Finale and Funeral March nearly compensated for these shortcomings—indeed the solemnity of the latter has never been surpassed by any other conductor. The *Prometheus* overture was, of course, child's play to Mr. Manns; and Mr. Siloti, who played the concerto, treated it as if it was child's play also. That was a mistake. Child's play the E flat concerto certainly is, technically; but intellectually and emotionally, there are few harder tasks that a pianist could ask to have set him. Still, Mr. Siloti's version, if it lacked deep insight and feeling, was not offensive, but, on the contrary, rather pleasant. As for the songs which Miss Fillunger sang—the well-known "Ah! perfido" scena, and the less-known "Mailed," and "Mit einem Gemalten Band"—the last two were daintily, delightfully interpreted; but the scena is such a stupendous fraud that I could not listen to it carefully enough to say how Miss Fillunger acquitted herself. That is the worst of liking or disliking particular pieces of music. If I were like some of my brethren, and really did not care what I heard, I should write you charming little notices of Miss Fillunger's singing of songs by Smith, Jones, Robinson & Co., and either condemn her for not doing them well, or praise her for "doing them justice"—as my brethren love to say when some particularly bad piece of stuff has been played very much better than it deserved. But since I do care, since I actually have a great love for some music and as great a detestation for some other music,—well, what happened at this concert happens again and again. I am bored, and don't listen; I get off wondering, for instance, how Beethoven could let such a thing as "Ah! perfido" go out as a complete thing, an original thing, when it is merely a poor imitation of Mozart and Haydn—not one of those imitations where Beethoven merely uses methods and phrases of his predecessors to a new end, but an imitation which has no justification whatever, unless it be that the lady for whom he wrote the scena pressed him very hard, and he couldn't resist her, and wrote to please her without waiting for inspiration. Of course there are Beethoven touches, but they are few and far between.

#### MOTTL CONCERTS.

Though I do not remember at what date these concerts came off, I remember perfectly well the things that were played, and just as distinctly the way in which Mottl played them. There had been scanty rehearsal, for (this will enable the

weather-learned to fix the date of the concert) Mottl had been detained at Calais by the same storm which prevented the boat from the English side effecting an entrance to the harbour on the French side; and though the bandmen turned up at Queen's Hall in the usual way, they had to be content with talking about the weather, and at the end of the time go home to the respective bosoms of their respective families, unrehearsed, and some of them a little tipsy. But from the playing on Tuesday evening (the storm having kindly softened down and let Mottl cross) no one could have guessed that winds and waters had been so loud. The Heroic symphony got a gorgeous, sensational rendering, one which would have driven Mr. Manns' clean out of my mind had I heard it first, and which did actually make Mr. Manns' (as I have confessed) appear a trifle thin and washed-out when I heard it a short time afterwards. In the Finale Mottl put forth his whole strength, as though he was determined to show us all there is in those endless new treatments of the *Prometheus* theme from which it is made. There was perhaps a little too much sheer strength in the Funeral March; but the Scherzo was wonderful. He took it at a tremendous pace, but every phrase was clean and clear, the accentuation perfect, the nuances sympathetically attended to. On the whole I set down this version as the very best I have heard of the Heroic. It surprised me a little, for I have always said Mottl did not play Beethoven well. Of course I had heard him play the C minor symphony magnificently; but I thought that must be an exception, and I never dreamed of his doing the Heroic, of all the symphonies, with any fine result. But there it was: there was no denying it; and another critic has proved his fallibility. The concert was called a Wagner one, and those critics whose plan is to come only half sober when the concert is half over, and go away to write their notices ten minutes or quarter of an hour later, complained most bitterly that only a small portion of the programme was devoted to Wagner. As a matter of fact more than half the evening was spent in listening to Wagner. The other numbers were the Heroic symphony, Gluck's *Iphigenia in Aulis* overture, and an abominable disarrangement for complete orchestra of Bach's E major fiddle sonata. The Gluck overture, with Wagner's ending (without which it cannot be played, for in the original it leads straight into the opera), is a glorious thing, and of course it was gloriously interpreted. About the Bach desecration I will only say this: that a repetition of it will send me out with a loaded gun, and when I have rendered Mottl unfit to play anything of the sort again, I will go to Germany, and if the dis-arranger is alive, I'll render him unfit to dis-arrange anything of the sort again. That at least is my feeling just now. The Wagner part of the programme, which the critics did not stay to hear, was entirely drawn from *Tristan*. It included the prelude, some of the love music from the second act, and the death song. I don't remember the name of the lady who sang Isolde, nor does it matter twopence. She was a very middling singer—one of the sort that Mottl insists upon trying to make us English like, and which we never will like as long as we can produce singers of our own with real voices. Mr. Hedmond took *Tristan* at a few minutes' notice, I am told, and I can well believe it. Miss Palliser sang Brangäne's music from the organ-gallery, or the central candelabra, or some other outrageous place—a feat for which I don't blame her, though I certainly blame Mottl.

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The Philharmonic Society, thought fit to keep Purcell's name in remembrance by giving a Purcell concert on the two hundredth anniversary of his death. About this concert I will, at this late date, only say that it was an addition to the long list of infamies and farces by which the Philharmonic Society has made itself a laughing-stock throughout Europe. In this case the public were prevented from thinking that what they heard was pure Purcell, for a letter in the *Daily Chronicle*, protesting against that composer's Golden Sonata, originally written for two violins, harpsichord and viol da gamba, being played on two grand pianos and with full orchestra, gave the daily Press a lead, and the massacre met with general condemnation.

#### QUEEN'S HALL CHOIR.

Last month I spoke in a most friendly manner of this choir's *début*; I said it only wanted time to take the leading place amongst London choral societies. In fact, I patted it on the back in a general way. I regret to say I can do this no longer. Not that the choir has disappointed my hopes. On the contrary, it has so far exceeded them that it would seem ridiculous in me to patronise it. Its performance of *Samson* has put it ahead of the Royal Choral Society, ahead of every society in London, and in a line with any choral society in England. And that is saying a good deal; for London people little know to what pitch of perfection choral singing can be carried, and, in the provinces, is carried. Well do I remember the dull autumn, winter, and early spring evenings of my boyhood, when a score of us used to block the gallery door of the Town Hall—that wretched, ugly, inconvenient Town Hall, shaped like the head of a very blunt axe, good for nothing, and barely tolerable for concert purposes—the Town Hall of Newcastle-on-Tyne—the dirtiest, ugliest town in England; and how, when the door was opened, we used to rush madly upstairs to get seats in the front row—for Dr. Rea's choir was to sing some masterwork of oratorio, and at that time no other music in the town was worth listening to. But the singing of Dr. Rea's folk was well worth listening to. To this day I have never heard such full, rich, clear tone, such attack, such enthusiasm, such lovely pianissimo effects. To be sure, Dr. Rea is a man of genius, and not every choir-trainer can get from a miscellaneous herd of musically-inclined people the results he got; but a good deal depended on the voices, too. South country people, and people further north, have not got the right kind of voices for choral singing: they are either good soloists or nothing at all. Yorkshire folk are of course first-rate in the lower registers; their bass cannot be beaten, and it is hard to beat their tenor. But they are weak in contralto and soprano, and we Newcastle people had an enormous advantage over them there. We prided ourselves on our fine choral singers, and goodness knows what else in the musical way we had to pride ourselves on. When I came to London and heard the *Messiah* done in the Albert Hall for the first time I was astounded. After "And the glory of the Lord," I expected nothing less than that the audience would make for the platform *en masse* and take the lives of Sir Joseph Barnby and his host, and though so much bloodshed would have caused me great pain, I felt that they deserved it. And just as I was thinking this, a great uproar broke out all



over the hall, and I thought the moment had come. Imagine my astonishment when I discovered that it was applause: that the thousands of people from Peckham and Brixton liked that kind of singing! I have thought little of Cockney judgment since. But I have wandered a long way from where I started, and had better get back and say that never since I left my native parts have I heard such singing as that of the Queen's Hall Choir in Mendelssohn's *Walpurgis Night*, and more recently in Handel's *Samson*. I have slated Mr. Randegger again and again; and, frankly, I don't think he is much good for anything except choir-training. But that he certainly can do infinitely better than Sir Joseph Banby or any other London conductor. Apart from the singing I have many faults to find with the performance. Mr. Newman must really not inflict singers like Mr. W. A. Peterkin upon us. And though it is no use saying anything to Mr. Randegger, who is as unwilling to learn as any musician who ever lived, I must make some protest against the omission of some of the best choruses, against the introduction of silly Italian opera cadenzas, and against light Italian opera "interpretations" of the Dead March in *Saul*. The last was played instead of the Dead March in *Samson*, according to an old custom which (I suggest) it is about time to abolish. Time does not give bad customs a sanction: it only makes their abolition a more pressing need. But I have no desire to spin out a list of faults; I would rather praise the fine singing of such numbers as "Fixed in his everlasting seat," "Then round about the starry throne," and "Hear, Jacob's God." Mr. Davies had the courage to make a break with a detestable tradition: he sang the wonderful air, "Thus when the sun," softly, most tenderly throughout, and for the first time in my memory it gave one the picture Handel intended, of the mysterious quiet of the streets in the grey dawn, full of shadows, with stray winds coming this way and that. For London in Handel's day would be much the same in the dusk of dawn as the London of to-day; and, depend upon it, when Handel wrote this number he was thinking of the streets as he doubtless saw them many a time after he had spent the greater portion of the night in setting down in hot haste his most splendid inspirations.

#### MR. DOLMETSCH'S CONCERTS.

Earlier in the year Mr. Dolmetsch gave a series of concerts of old music, some of them in the Salle Erard, some in the small Queen's Hall. The series was very successful, and now Mr. Dolmetsch is following it up with another, this time in his own house, No. 6, Keppel Street, W.C. Comfortable though both the small Queen's Hall and the Salle Erard are, I am bound to say I find Mr. Dolmetsch's concerts very much more enjoyable in his own music-room than at either. The music he plays is for the most part music for the chamber; it loses a large share of its fragrance when it is transplanted into a public hall; one must be near the players, and hear every slightest nuance, catch every fugitive hint of expression, to get the full measure of delight from it. Only in such a room as Mr. Dolmetsch's music-room is this possible. Mr. Dolmetsch does not cram his room. He accepts only a sufficient number of subscribers for each series to fill it comfortably. It is a quaint room—one of those double rooms, originally provided with a door between the two portions, so that you could have one large room for show days, or two small ones for private Cockney existence. The door is gone. In the smaller portion

of the space is placed the organ (a lovely toned little creature of about five stops) and a harpsichord, and in this part also the artists sit when they play. In the larger portion the audience is placed, but at one side the clavichord stands. It is put there in preference to the other part, for its tone is so very evanescent and thin that it can only be heard by the audience when the instrument is in the midst of them. Everything in the room is in keeping with the kind of music we hear there. A few old engravings hang on the walls; candles stuck into old-fashioned candle-holders, with brass reflectors, give all needful light; here and there lute cases, viol cases, and virginals, apparently heaped loosely together, give the place the necessary appearance of artistic disorder. Of course the music room at Dulwich was very much more convenient. Readers may remember it in the drawing of Mr. Dolmetsch given with the *MAGAZINE OF MUSIC* some time since. But the present one is better adapted for Mr. Dolmetsch's purpose. It is more old-world and less suburban-villa-ish. It seems natural that old-world music should be heard amidst such old-world surroundings. I have no doubt that in half a century the concerts given there will be as famous as the still famous concerts of Mr. Thomas Britton, the small coal man, even though Mr. Dolmetsch has no Handel to add lustre to them. Mr. Britton's concerts became famous because high-born ladies, and gentlemen who were supposed to be high-born, patronised them; but Mr. Dolmetsch's concerts will become famous because at them the new gospel of old music is being preached with such vigour that it is safe to say that in ten years (at the outside) musical history will have to be re-written, with all the nonsense about our predecessors not having "adequate means of expression" left out. In the Restoration days it was assumed that Shakespeare had not adequate means of expression, and "up-to-date" dramatists who had those means of expression re-wrote Shakespeare—made his dreams "into plays," as they modestly said. And if lectures on the drama were given to students in those days, I have not the slightest doubt that it was boldly said at them that Shakespeare had not, etc., etc.; I have not the slightest doubt that if any unfortunate student had questioned the lecturer's statement, he would have been expelled. Well, we know how that little matter has turned out. We don't think much of the Restoration dramatists now. Something similar happened with regard to painting. People got it into their heads that there was no painting before Raphael, and they spoke lightly of Botticelli and the rest. Then came Ruskin, and, after Ruskin, Rossetti and the pre-Raphaelites, and William Morris, and they lectured and wrote and talked to their acquaintance with such effect that to-day Botticelli and his fellows are over- rather than under-estimated, and mediæval art is all the craze. Our position with regard to music now is precisely the Restoration position with regard to Shakespeare, or the early nineteenth century position with regard to mediæval painting and architecture. But now Mr. Dolmetsch has come on the scene to do for music what Ruskin and Morris did for the plastic arts. He is not the first to realize that the old music is beautiful; many people had realized that before they knew of the existence of Mr. Dolmetsch. But the difficulty was that we had to translate the old music into terms (so to speak) playable on new instruments. I myself, it may be remembered, have made one or two endeavours to show how it should be done; and I will make bold to say this much, that if you have not an old instrument—a harpsichord, a spinet, or a clavichord—you cannot

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do better than follow the rules I laid down. The mistake I made was in assuming that the old instruments could not be revived. I once went so far as to say that I believed another harpsichord would never be made except to gratify some one's curiosity. But Mr. Dolmetsch is making them, not to gratify curiosity, but for the purpose of playing the old music as it was meant to be played. He has reconstructed harpsichords, clavichords, spinets, and lutes, and, in a word, made any "translation of the old music altogether unnecessary," for with his instruments you have only to sit down (when you have learnt to play them) and play through some of it, and you will realize at once that it is splendid and beautiful. The old men truly had not the means of expression that we have to-day; but that is not to the point. What is to the point is this: that they had ample means for saying all they wished to say. If they had not clarionets, tubas, and all the indispensables of the modern orchestra, they had instruments which for sheer beauty of tone beat anything invented since their time. The viol da gamba is as fine an instrument as the 'cello; the viols are as beautiful as the violin; the spinet, harpsichord, and clavichord are infinitely preferable as sound-producing machines to the modern piano; and old organs, with their sweet, rich tones, got by placing finely made pipes on a low pressure of wind, are as much beyond the modern terrors with a hundred stops, all of them on too high a wind pressure and not a really characteristic tone amongst them, as Bach's and Handel's organ music is beyond all organ music written since. All this we have learnt from Mr. Dolmetsch, all this he has shown us; and those who want to realize the truth of it have only to write to him at the address I have given, asking him to set down their names as subscribers for his next series of concerts. His terms are far from being exorbitant. And I may take the opportunity of recommending country readers to get down Mr. Dolmetsch to lecture to them and play the old music. I am not going to criticise in detail any of the concerts I have attended. I have heard Byrde, Lawes, Purcell, Handel, and Bach all beautifully, sympathetically played on the instruments they wrote for; and I found at each concert a seventh heaven of delight. The finest singing was that of Mrs. Helen Trust at the last of the series; but the singing is the least part of a Dolmetsch concert.

#### MISCELLANEOUS CONCERTS.

I have been to only a few of the Symphony concerts, for the programmes have been mostly Beethoven, whom I can hear better played elsewhere than by Mr. Henschel; and I have avoided the Pops nearly altogether for several reasons. I intend to discuss Mr. Gompertz's concerts at greater length on some subsequent occasion; and meantime I will only mention that at the last (which I was able to attend—the last of the series clashing with the performance of *Samson*) we had a cheerful quartet by Mr. Emil Kreuz, and Beethoven's glorious C sharp minor posthumous quartet. I have at various times dropped in at a score of smaller concerts about which nothing in praise or condemnation can be said; we are swamped with mediocrity.

J. F. R.



## An Interview with Mr. Ben Davies.

**M**R. BEN DAVIES has recently changed his place of residence from St. John's Wood to the more salubrious regions of Hampstead. Compayne Gardens, Finchley Road, forms as yet an unfinished thoroughfare, and in search of "Cartref"—the lack of numbers which is at present inevitable, add of course to the difficulties of the search—I have to thread my way through builders' carts, heaps of mortar, brick-laying utensils, and similar impedimenta. A chat with Mr. Ben Davies in his new home is an object worth striving for, however, and ultimately, with some assistance from a well-informed greengrocer's boy, it is attained in perfect safety, and but a few minutes after the time appointed.

The eminent singer's home, I soon find, has nothing in keeping with the present condition of Compayne Gardens; it strikes one, indeed, as a model of good order and serene content. Without much pretension to beauty, the exterior of "Cartref"—I forgot to ask Mr. Davies, but I presume the name is in compliment to his Welsh nationality—is suggestive of much comfort and cosiness within, and the suggestion is amply fulfilled. Mr. Davies receives me in a room at the top of the house where he does the work incidental to the singer at home—"tries over" the new songs that are sent to him in shoals, exercises his voice, and rehearses an oratorio or an opera. It is not entirely given over, however, to work, for in the centre of the room stands a small-sized billiard table.

"No, I don't play very much," Mr. Davies says in reference to my remark. "I had a game last evening for the first time for several weeks. You see my evenings as a rule are so much engaged. My favourite recreations are riding and fencing. I can get a fine canter on the Heath; but for my fencing I have to go to a gymnasium in Warwick Street. I wish I had a fencing friend in the neighbourhood."

"What, have you given up smoking?" I exclaimed as Mr. Davies, having handed me a cigar case, puts it aside without taking one himself.

"Not entirely; but I found that ten cigars a day were injurious—no, not to my voice, but to my liver. I make it a rule now never to smoke till after dinner."

"You must have managed your voice wonderfully well, considering the strain you have sometimes imposed upon it. Randegger said the other day he considered it stronger than ever."

"Oh, I think it is a mistake to coddle the voice. A little care must necessarily be taken; but if a singer coddles his voice, the slightest thing, such as a little exposure to the cold air, renders him *hors de combat*. My voice was severely tried, probably, during my three years' engagement with the Carl Rosa Company, when I was singing every night. But this engagement, which I obtained through my teacher, Mr. Randegger, was a splendid thing for me. Singing in so many of the best operas, one night in the principal part, the next night, perhaps, having but a few lines to sing—this was excellent practice for me, and is one of many things for which I have reason to be grateful to Randegger."

There is another reason, too, why Mr. Ben Davies looks back with so much pleasure on his Carl Rosa engagement, about ten years ago. On the mantelpiece there is a photo-



graph of Miss Florence Perry as the "Bohemian Girl," I think it was, and it reminds me that the lady who is now Mrs. Ben Davies was likewise a member of the Carl Rosa Company when the young tenor wooed and won her. Another picture of Mrs. Ben Davies in *The Canterbury Pilgrims* stands on the cottage piano at the other side of the room, and whilst looking at it I am led to admire the fine specimens of Hogarth Mr. Davies has placed on the wall above, the pictures being a complete series of "The Idle Apprentice."

"A good moral lesson when working at the piano," I remark.

"Yes," replies the singer, laughingly; "and here is another moral lesson," pointing to the picture of "Eve and the Serpent," by an old artist, which fills the centre of the wall.

This little incident leads to Mr. Davies taking me downstairs in order to show me his pictures in the dining-room, which include a characteristic specimen of Sidney Cooper, another pastoral subject believed to be by Herring, Walker's "Trial of the Dog," and some paintings of old Flemish towns. Two pieces of bronze statuary by a well-known French artist on the overmantel are reminiscent of Mr. Davies' long engagement in *Dorothy*; for they were purchased of a dealer in such wares, who started business and came to grief in a shop below the Prince of Wales' theatre.

Mr. Davies agrees with me that it was *Dorothy* which made him famous, and in the opinion of a good many people it was Mr. Ben Davies who made the opera successful beyond all expectations.

"Although it is but six years since you made your first appearance in *Dorothy*, Mr. Davies, what an immense number of people you must have sung to in the meantime!"

Mr. Davies admitted that the thought made him feel older than the thirty-five years with which he is credited, in the register of a little parish called Pontardawe, near Swansea.

"The biggest audience I have had," he continued, "was one of 20,000 the other day at Pontypridd. A building was put up specially for the occasion. Of course, I had some big audiences at Chicago. At the Welsh concert the enthusiasm was something remarkable—I could not have supposed that Welsh people could have been so enthusiastically Welsh that distance from home."

"Do you know," said Mr. Davies, after a pause in our conversation, "that in several parts of Wales they are beginning to organize orchestras in the villages, as well as choirs. There was nothing of that kind when I left my home to come to London—the old Puritan idea being opposed, of course, to music at religious services."

"You came to London at the instance of Mr. Brinley Richards, did you not, Mr. Davies?"

"Yes, he heard me at one or two of the local festivals, and strongly advised me to come and study in London. I came straight to the R.A.M., and I remember that one of the first prizes I won there was awarded to me by Mr. Edward Lloyd and Mr. Santley, who acted as adjudicators. When we were singing together at Bristol the other day, Mr. Lloyd laughingly alluded to the circumstance, which he remembered perfectly well."

After some further talk about Welsh people's devotion to music, Mr. Davies took me into the drawing-room to show me some water-colours by a young Welshman in whom he is interested, lingering on the way to glance at the collection of sketches of Dickens' characters, on the staircase and in the

hall, from the clever pencil of "K. W. D." The young Welsh artist came to London for the purpose of obtaining some sketching among the scenery of the southern counties, but yielding to the persuasions of his musical friend, he dared to send to Burlington House four of the pictures he had painted on the coast and amid the hills of his native country. Lo and behold! they were all accepted and hung on the line. And when I see one or two specimens of his work, with the white panels and artistic drapery of Mr. Davies' drawing-room for their background, I can only praise the good judgment of the R.A.'s and the valuable service the eminent singer had rendered to a promising young artist.

FREDERICK DOLMAN.

## Lester Carew on Musical Recitation.

MUSICAL recitation is popular this season. Not only have concert-goers been delighted by their old friend, Mr. Clifford Harrison, but Mrs. Albert Barker and Mr. Charles Fry have shown us their ideas on this branch of their art, which, till lately, has been neglected in elocutionary recitals.

The caution with which the British public approaches a novelty is proverbial. Musical recitation was considered artistic by Mendelssohn, Schumann, and Mackenzie, yet the public hesitated to accept an accompaniment to recitations as an improvement. Some reciters were afraid the music would divert attention to itself; they were jealous, and tried to nip it in the bud; while a good many composers dismissed it with a laugh, and a "Oh, that tomfoolery!" But both reciters and composers have altered their opinions. Musical recitation has stood its ground; and, now, that it has no longer to beg a hearing, is its opportunity to assert its individuality and to dictate its rules. Now is the time for those reciters and composers, who have supported it all along, to come forward and tell us what a musical recitation is, or ought to be.

Lester Carew has kindly supplied me with the following information on the subject.

"About six years ago, when in Paris, I heard some recitations with musical accompaniment, and was impressed by the charming effect produced by this harmonious combination of music and the speaking voice. On my return I heard some 'musical recitations,' such as were then being introduced to London audiences, and was struck by the great contrast. In the former, appropriate phrases formed an atmosphere of mystery or romance, as the words required, lending, by sympathetic co-operation, a sweetness to the voice; in the latter, the monotony of meaningless arpeggio passages was only varied by an attempt to imitate actual sounds mentioned in the words, which, to the musician at least, must always appear a lamentable use of the resources of the realm of sound. Feeling that there was a future for this branch of the art of recitation in England, I turned my attention to it, and the chief things to be considered with regard to it are, in my opinion, as follows:

"Words and music must unite so as to form one idea, the words supplying the description of actions and concrete ideas, the music portraying emotions and abstract ideas; their respec-

tive spheres being different, there should be no struggle for the first place, a fact of which both reciter and accompanist must be convinced before they can hope to obtain an artistic result.

"The recitation must not be of great length, for, as I believe Schumann has it, it should aim not at telling everything, but at telling enough to cause the audience to continue the suggested train of thought after the recitation has ceased. Personally, I find poems in which there is an element of vagueness preferable for treatment.

"It does not follow that because the reciter did not write the music it cannot therefore express his thought; on the contrary, in most cases the musical and dramatic ability of the reciter would not be equal; and his accompaniment being inadequate, the balance between music and words would be destroyed; on the other hand, the composer must also understand a good deal about recitation, so as not to fetter his fellow-worker. The speaking voice must be written for quite as much as the singing voice, and it is quite possible to write an accompaniment which shall not only be continuous and musicianly, but shall allow full scope to the dramatic powers of the reciter. On the continuity of the accompaniment I must insist most strongly, for if by a break, be it ever so short, the voice is allowed to lose the feeling of tonality it unconsciously starts with, that feeling can only be regained by an effort which is not only apparent, but painfully apparent.

"Well written for the voice' applies equally to recitation music and to vocal music, and on the experience and skill of the composer the success of a musical recitation mainly depends."

BARRY THORNE.

## The Impressionist.

ONE of the weekly papers is at present unearthing a very pretty scandal connected with the Erard Scholarship at the Royal Academy of Music; if the facts are as published—and they are so far uncontradicted—it is a very charming little piece of favouritism. No wonder R.A.M. Students are said to be indignant. What is also very much to the purpose, such an attempt to set aside any conditions accompanying the donation of a scholarship in favour of a favourite pupil is very apt to deter in the future any generously inclined donors, and should therefore be made the subject of a most thorough and searching examination in the best interest of the pupils themselves.

What a pity it is that Piano Recitalists do not submit their programmes for revision to some competent person, who could correct all inaccuracies, and also fill up any missing details.

In this latter respect the advertised programme of a piano recital is generally a perfect model of vagueness only. Mazurka, Valse, Étude by Chopin is often all the information vouchsafed, and that out of 56 Mazurkas, 15 Valses, or 27 Études. How often also does one find the number of a Liszt Rhapsody marked? Personally, the programme of a recital generally decides my presence, and I am sure that with many of my readers it is the same. I avoid, as I would an infectious disease, Nos. 2, 6, and 12 of the Rhapsodies; they have been so thoroughly exploited, that I am sure every one would be rejoiced to see them put on the shelf for a time.

Pianists would seem to be absolutely unaware that there are no less than twenty of these self-same Rhapsodies, including the magnificent one on the Spanish airs, "Folies d'Espagne," and "Jota Aragonese"; besides these, there are also several other compositions of the same kind, which may fairly be entitled Rhapsodies, although not published under that name.

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One of the most curious of these latter is the Introduction and Hungarian March (in D) on a melody by Count Emeric Sczechényi, who was, I believe, a distinguished musical amateur. It is published in Pesth (Rosavogli) and is full of the most curious orchestral effects. It would be exceedingly effective, given by a competent pianist, but it contains some rather stiff passages, notably some rapid octaves for the right hand. The introduction is very curious, being written in  $\frac{4}{4}$  time, still further aggravated by pauses. Musically, I think it does not reach the level of the earlier and better-known set. I may at some not very distant date examine in detail the whole series (twenty odd) for the benefit of any readers interested in these famous compositions, identifying as far as possible the melodies Liszt has made use of, and their various settings by Brahms and other composers or arrangers.

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Whilst I am on the subject of recital programmes, there is one subject that will well bear a little attention, and it refers to a very stupid custom. A foreign pianist, hailing from Timbuctoo, or some outlandish or almost unheard-of place, "begs to announce a Piano Recital" in St. James' Hall; and just because he or she has recently become acquainted for the first time with a certain composition, rushes to the erroneous conclusion that London amateurs are in a pretty similar predicament, and so the composition when it is performed gets falsely labelled, "First Time of Performance in London!"

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I am the more particularly reminded of this, because a certain pianiste, whose ridiculous programme attitudinising I referred to last month, has just announced two pieces by Tschaiowsky, "first performance in London." Of course, it is not correct. How can a pianist, hailing from Germany, be expected to know anything about music in London. I can recall having heard the pieces certainly more than once at previous recitals, one of them, indeed, was quite a favourite piece with little Max Hambourg. But there! probably not one in fifty of those who attend this particular recital will be any the wiser, but that the pianiste has done good service to art by making her audience acquainted with two novelties!

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To what length even well-reputed critics will allow themselves to be misled in such matters is really astonishing. Here is a case in point. Stavenhagen once announced a caprice by Liszt (give a dog a bad name, etc.), and through a most palpable misprint, it appeared on the programme as in E sharp major! One of the critics of one of our great Dailies, who ought to have known better, but seemingly did not, swallowed the delicate morsel whole, accepted the statement as a fact, and spoke of the work as being "cast in the extraordinary key of E sharp major." Extraordinary, indeed! but not nearly so extraordinary as the great critic's sweet trustfulness and faith.

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Perhaps you can guess who it was!



As if Liszt would be guilty of such a very stupid joke.

There never was a more picturesque, and, in its way, pathetic figure in musical history than this same Franz Liszt. I sometimes feel inclined to paraphrase his saying on Schubert, "The most poetic musician who ever lived," and apply it to himself thus: "The most noble musician who ever lived." Liszt has certainly been greatly undervalued and misunderstood. To posterity will fall the task of righting him. As a critic he stood alone, as his published letters amply prove. As a literary stylist he has no equal amongst musicians who have wielded the pen. As a man, his goodness of heart and charity were proverbial, and as a composer the world will yet have to accord him his rightful position. Wagner once said of him, that, "considering him in his twofold capacity of creative interpreter and original composer," he sometimes felt inclined to pronounce Liszt the greatest musician that had ever lived!

Wagner's relations with Liszt, and Wagner's indebtedness, not as a man, nor in a pecuniary sense, but in a purely creative sense, have scarcely as yet received sufficient attention. Wagner, like every great composer, was more or less directly influenced by the greatest of his contemporaries, and by Liszt perhaps not the least.

Thematical similarities are not at all infrequent between them, and in nearly every case it would seem to be that Wagner is the borrower, thus there is a curious "reference" at the end of the second act of the *Walkyrie* (where Sieglinde stirs restlessly before awakening) to the beautiful opening phrase of Liszt's neglected *Faust Symphony*; this of course is not an isolated case. The resemblance of the music in *Parsifal* to Liszt's B minor Sonata has frequently been pointed out. In the *Années de Pèlerinage*, to mention only one work, will be found some equally interesting coincidences. The *Tannhäuser* overture contains a subject practically identical with one in the "Orage" (storm) number and a curious anticipation of a progression in Isolde's Liebestod occurs towards the last page of *Les Cloches de Genève*. Others will doubtless reward those who care to search for such things. They also must decide for themselves, and to their own satisfaction, whether Liszt or Wagner was the first to use these things, as although a curious enough study, the results of such study would be of little practical utility, and still less a reproach to whichever musician was proved to be influenced by the other.

*A propos* to the subject, one of the most popular street-calls in London, known and whistled by every youth for years past, is nothing more or less than Siegfried's horn motive from the Ring. The same motive is also found in Robert Franz's lovely little song "Der Schalk."

Seeing that Eugen D'Albert is so soon to appear in our concert halls, the impressions of one who has frequently heard him in his three-fold capacity of composer, pianist, and conductor, may not be without interest.

D'Albert has for years past been regarded in Germany as the greatest pianist alive, putting Rubinstein, who was supposed to have retired from the active list, aside. A pianist of splendid technical powers, of great intellect, and a profound musician, there was yet a certain coarseness and want of finish

in technique, and a commonplaceness in conception that, to me at least, prevents him from occupying the highest position. His intellect appears to be that of the specimen hunter, who labels each part but does not enlarge on its beauties, whilst his warmth and passion in playing impress one as arising from a hot and passionate temper rather than from a poetic temperament and warm heart, attempting to express its feeling for the beautiful. Hence D'Albert as a pianist is generally more instructive than convincing. As a composer he has most affinity with Brahms, whose music, at least the big works, he plays perhaps better than any living artist. His playing of both the Brahms concertos at one sitting, under the composer's direction, was intellectually one of the finest things in piano-playing within my experience. In intellectual enthusiasm Lamond far surpasses him, as he does all other pianists; for many-sidedness he is not comparable to Paderewski, and neither in his Beethoven nor in his Liszt and Chopin readings can he be compared with that magic artist. Rosenthal, of course, leaves him technically far behind; but with all this there is a certain analytical intellectuality about his playing, evidencing immense previous preparation, that renders it highly instructive in spite of its at times almost disagreeableness. As a conductor, D'Albert evinces more quiet "grip" than any sensational qualities; for the latter, one must look first of all to Weingartner, who is the "demon" of the younger conductors.

No doubt many will decry D'Albert on account of youthful sins, but my advice to any readers is to go and hear him; he is at least different to any pianist at present before the English concert public.

As a composer, his best inspiration is, in the estimation of many people, the gavotte and musette, from the piano suite, op. 1. This little gem was written, I believe, when the composer was sixteen years old, and is evidently modelled on the one in Bach's 6th English suite, always a favourite composition with D'Albert, and one I have frequently heard him perform. His more recent sonata, op. 10, and his two piano concertos are all highly interesting works, more especially as interpreted by their composer. His piano works suffer to some extent from the reproach sometimes urged against Brahms' music, namely, of not perfectly suiting the genius of the instrument. D'Albert's orchestral writing, in fact, is often more effective than his pianoforte writing. His most beautiful composition within my ken is the recent splendid quartet, one of the most beautiful contributions to chamber music of recent times; a work any composer might be proud of, and one it would surely be worth while for the Pops to produce.

Reisenhauer, who has had a great success here recently, was one of the best imbued with the Liszt traditions the "Master" ever had. I believe he was with Liszt eleven years. He is no mean composer. I can recall a most interesting set of songs from his pen; as a sight-reader also, his talent is, said to be wonderful.

At Leipzig an order has been made preventing all ingress during the performance of operas, etc.; those coming late will be obliged to wait till the end of each act before taking their seats. The theatre there being a State subventioned concern, can, of course, force such a regulation. Would that the power

and will were existent in London. There is no more insufferable bore than the late comer, unless it be the person who discusses works or performances which he knows nothing about.

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Is it not possible that the Purcell business has been overdone? Why not devote some of all this superfluous energy to the recognition of the composers in our midst, many of them suffering undeserved neglect. We might at least be just to those in our midst, for whilst they are with us they can at least feel and suffer. As it is we neglect our greatest composers whilst living, for a future generation, some 200 years ahead, to enthuse over them. Of course it is easy to see that selfish motives are always more or less at the bottom of these things.

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'What!' says a conductor or promoter of one of these celebration frauds? "Fête a living composer? Oh, no, indeed! That wouldn't pay, or add to my reputation, which would be overshadowed by the composer. Why, part of the receipts would go into his pockets!" Faugh, these "celebrations" of worthies whose music is of little practical utility to the present generation, partake more or less of a Liberator dodge,—no one particularly wants them but those who promote them, and who hope to keep their names before the public by such means. Those who do not want them are told so frequently that they do that at last they doubt, and end by believing.

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Here is a paragraph bearing indirectly on the subject: The net receipts at the recent Leeds Festival were £2,015 4s. 1d. The few odd pounds were placed to the reserve account, and the balance divided amongst five MEDICAL charities. Why not musical?

## Our University Music Professors.

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### I.—PROFESSOR PROUT.

**W**HEN the announcement was made some thirteen months ago that Mr. Ebenezer Prout had been chosen to succeed the late Sir Robert Prescott Stewart as Professor of Music in the University of Dublin, it was generally recognised that no one could have more worthily deserved the unsought distinction which had thus been conferred upon him. Mr. Prout from the very first has had a single eye to his art, and has kept his purpose true. Even Mr. Joseph Bennett, the universal libretto provider, whom he has frequently "slated" unmercifully—even he admitted that much. Moreover, the all-round character of his attainments fitted him in a very special degree for the post of a University Professor of Music. In addition to his being the composer of much excellent music, he is—or has been—a skilful organist, choir-trainer, orchestral conductor, pianoforte performer and teacher, an experienced critic and examiner, and a voluminous writer of theoretical text books, which, in the short space of six years, have made an indelible mark upon the educational literature of music wherever the English language is understood. Best of all, perhaps, he is

practically a self-taught musician, which enables him very fully to take in the learner's point of view.

Such a man was certainly needed to fill the Dublin Chair. Sir Robert Stewart was a pioneer in the endeavour to raise the social status of musical graduates so as to bring music into closer touch with the other faculties at the universities. He was the first to demand the possession of some literary attainments on the part of candidates for musical degrees; and although Dublin stood alone in this respect for something like seventeen years, its example, as everybody knows, has long since been followed by the other Universities which have the power to confer musical degrees. In the appointment of Mr. Prout, events have already proved that the Irish University secured the services of a professor, who is not only thoroughly up to date, but is determined to re-animate the fossilized condition of academical "music" which still exists in certain quarters. In his inaugural address he very wisely pointed out the danger in examinations for musical degrees of too exclusive attention being given to, and too much stress being laid upon the merely technical side of the work. Of course, a thorough knowledge of the subjects of examination should be required: no indifferent or slipshod work should be passed; but surely one or two slips of the pen, or even grammatical errors—all due perhaps to the excitement of the moment—should not be allowed altogether to outweigh evidences of distinct musical talent in a candidate. Professor Prout himself mentions an instance that occurred a few years ago of an extremely talented young musician, whose exercise, showing true musical feeling and far more than average originality, was rejected at one of our Universities because one or two consecutive fifths had slipped in and been overlooked by the writer. The Professor is very rightly of opinion that in a case like this the work should be judged as a whole; and he has given his prospective candidates the comforting assurance that at Dublin they will not be "plucked" for an occasional slip, if they show by their exercises that they have the root of the matter in them. On the other hand, the Professor does not think that an exercise should pass simply because it contains no mistakes, if it evinces no musical feeling in the writer. To expect the manifestation of genius would of course be unreasonable—that is a somewhat rare gift; but one has a right to look for evidence of at least musical aptitude. This is a wise view of a very difficult question, and many candidates will be glad to have thus set before them the principles by which the Dublin Professor is guided in discharging the duties of his office.

The story of Professor Prout's career presents us with an instance of a man who has done for himself nearly everything that now gives him his high position in the profession. Born at Oundle sixty years ago, he showed his leaning towards music almost as soon as he could speak; and having persuaded a local organist to give him some three months' lessons, he amused himself by original compositions on the piano at the age of nine. These lessons, and another twelve which he received from Mr. Charles K. Salaman many years afterwards, represent practically all the outside help which Professor Prout has ever got in the way of musical training. Plain living and high thinking have done the rest. As a lad of seventeen he spent the first money he could call his own on an old orchestral score of Handel, which he picked up at a bookstall in the Goswell Road; now he has probably the largest private collection of orchestral scores in the three



kingdoms. He says there is no better method of mastering orchestration than that of studying scores; and he ought to know, for that is the way in which he became proficient himself. He never heard an orchestra until he was twenty-three; but long before that he knew a great deal about orchestration, and had composed and scored a great many small things for his own pleasure. Now he reads a score—even what he calls the “brutally difficult scores of Wagner and Berlioz”—as other people read a book. After supper he will sit down by the fire of his study with a score on his knee and read it contentedly and with infinite enjoyment until bedtime. And what an intense student he is! When he was writing his treatise on Fugue, he sat up night after night until past midnight analysing Bach's “Forty-Eight,” and writing them out in full score, each part on a separate staff. And after all the hard work he could still say, “I never undertook any task so fascinating.” There is an enthusiast for you!

But we are anticipating somewhat. Professor Prout's father, we should have noted, was a Congregational minister, which, being interpreted, means that the Professor was not intended for the musical profession. The Reverend Prout, like most parsons, had his prejudices, and one of the prejudices was against music as a means of livelihood. “In later years,” says Professor Prout, “when I had made a position, I do believe that it was still a source of thankfulness and wonder to my dear father that I had not gone to the bad entirely in the process of becoming a musician.” For several years Professor Prout was a teacher of general subjects in private schools. At nineteen he took his B.A. degree from London University, and his first engagement was at Priory House School, Clapton. Here, and in other appointments which he subsequently held, he threw himself into musical work among his pupils, and finding himself succeeding, he ultimately abandoned the teaching profession and took to music entirely. We hear of him first as an organist. In that capacity he served at several London chapels, his last appointment being at Union Chapel, Islington, where he worked with heart and soul from 1861 to 1873. Gradually his teaching connection extended; and his appointment in 1879 to the Royal Academy of Music as Professor of Composition, in succession to Sir Arthur Sullivan, led to other engagements of a like nature. For several years back he has taken no private pupils, simply because he has had no time for them; and it was because he found six days' work in the week more than enough that he gave up his Sunday duties. A good deal of the Professor's energy, we have also to remember, has always been given to literary pursuits. His excellent primer on “Instrumentation,” and his various theoretical treatises must have occupied a very great deal of time in the writing, to say nothing of the special study needed for their preparation. Mr. Prout was the first editor of the *Monthly Musical Record*, and that paper has never been so good since he gave up the management. From 1874 to 1879 he was the musical critic of the *Academy*, and after that, until 1889, he represented the *Athenæum*.

As a theorist, Professor Prout belongs distinctly to the advanced school. He has simply no patience with the way in which Sir George Macfarren and other fossils of the olden time ride their rules to death. He realizes that the true position of the theorist should be, not that of a leader, but of a follower. To the *student*, of course, a leader and guide; but quite otherwise to the composer. When he finds

an eminent artist making some innovation, whether in harmony, in counterpoint, or in form, he would never think of pronouncing it *a priori* wrong simply because it cannot be explained by the existing text-books. The great composers have always been, and probably always will be, in advance of the theory of their day. Haydn being once asked according to what rule he had introduced a certain progression, replied that the rules were all his very obedient humble servants. One recalls, too, the story of Beethoven, to whom a pair of consecutive fifths in his C minor Quartet was pointed out by his pupil, Ferdinand Ries. “Well, what of them?” asked Beethoven. “Oh, but they are forbidden,” replied Ries. “Who forbids them?” “Why, Fuchs, Marpurg, Albrechtsberger, all the authorities.” “Very well,” thundered Beethoven; “I allow them.” The fifths in question would be allowed now-a-days by all the best theorists; but there are musical dodos who still found upon Marpurg and Albrechtsberger and other ancients who lived and wrote when music was in its swaddling clothes. Thus, as Professor Prout reminds us, we find one man whose talents as a musician cannot be disputed, saying that Bach is a bad model because he allows himself too many exceptions: a professor in one of the leading German conservatoires informs his pupils that there is not a single correctly-written fugue among the “Forty-Eight”; while a teacher of theory who holds a high position in London has been known to go still further, and to declare that Bach could not write counterpoint! Fancy such mummies being sent to test candidates at Dublin.

As a composer, Professor Prout is very favourably known, without being exactly what is called popular. His works include string quartets and quintets, a concerto for organ and orchestra, a clarinet sonata, several symphonies, church service music, some cantatas, several detached pieces for the orchestra, and various vocal compositions. In this branch of his profession he has always placed a very high ideal before himself. The royalty ballad or the “pot-boiler” he has put far away from him. “I never will sacrifice what I feel to be due to myself and to art,” he says. “I would decline any proposal that reached me for work of that sort. It would be wholly repugnant to me. Of course I am glad when my works make a hit; but they must be prompted by pure motives and thought out in the interests of art alone.”

As to his methods of composition, are they not written in his own words? He says: “My first sketches are always written as fast as the pen will go. I make it an invariable rule *never* to write unless I am in the humour; and if I find that ideas do not come as fast or faster than I can put them down, if I have to stop to think what should come next, I at once put the music paper aside, knowing that I am not in the mood for composing. After completing my sketch, I begin the fair copy, the full score in the case of orchestral work, putting in the details, and often making considerable improvement. My published works usually differ pretty widely from the original draft; but the first sketch, containing the fundamental idea, is invariably produced at what I may call a ‘white heat.’” Composition can be taught, according to Professor Prout, so far as the technique is concerned; but if a student has no ideas, these cannot be given by any instruction, although a latent talent may often be brought out and cultivated by proper training. There may be a

natural aptitude for composition of which its possessor is unaware until his teacher discovers and develops it.

Since his appointment to Dublin Professor Prout has perhaps taken things a little more easily; but before that he was certainly one of the hardest-worked musicians in London. He used to make up for his intense activity by resting entirely during his annual holiday—not thinking about music at all, and hardly looking at a book on any subject, unless it were a guide-book or a time-table. Some years ago his holidays took the form of a voyage round Great Britain in coasting steamers; but later on he caught the Norway fever, and ever since he has sworn by Norway. Indeed his enthusiasm for the country and the people was so great that he gave two months almost solely to teaching himself the language, which he now reads and speaks fluently. Generally he takes a companion with him; but if human fellowship fails he makes his little bit of briarwood do instead. For hobbies of any kind he has very little time. He is fond of chess, but admits that he is not a very good player, the effort to follow a complete game being rather too much after a hard day's work. Perhaps with more leisure he may yet come to rival Sir Walter Parratt, who can play a Bach fugue and a game of chess at the same time.

## Our Contemporaries.

I HAVE often wondered why nobody has thought of starting a musical *Review of Reviews*. Perhaps nobody thinks there are a sufficient number of good independent musical journals to make it worth while. And certainly the condition of musical journalism in this England of ours is far from being a credit to our boasted freedom. With the exception of the *MAGAZINE OF MUSIC* there is not a musical journal of any importance published in London that is not either subsidised or run by a music firm. What this means nobody needs to be told. Perhaps I may tell it now and again, in these columns as occasion offers. In the meantime I am going to start a kind of musical *Review of Reviews* of my own. Its object will admittedly be to pick out some of the best things appearing in our contemporaries from month to month. If there is anything of interest or importance to be learnt from these publishers' advertising sheets, I will let them know of it; and if they are pleased with the samples and want more, why then they can go to the original sources. That seems fair enough. Now let us go through the December budget.

I begin, of course, with the *Musical Times*; but as there is nothing specially good to pick there, we shall have a word or two about the paper itself. It is the oldest of our existing musical journals, having been founded by Mainzer, the "Singing for the Million" man, away back in the early forties. It has been published all along by the Novellos, and run in their interests, and now at the end of the century it is still as devoted as ever to the cult of Berners Street. Nominally, the *Musical Times* is edited by Mr. E. F. Jacques, but in reality it is bossed by Littleton and Bennett—the Joseph who wears the critical coat of many colours. Here is an extract from a letter I received from a well-known musical man the other day; wild horses would not drag his name from me. Says he: "Bennett takes up the greater part of the available space in Novello's monthly

with his 'Facts, rumours, and tommy-rot,' and 'From my Study.' Of course it is to Novello's interest to keep well in with Joseph, as he holds tremendous sway in being the musical critic of the *D. T.* And many a fine gratis advertisement he gives the Berners Street firm in the columns of 'the largest circulation.' Jacques' position is curious. He told me that he cannot have any control over articles by Bennett, Stainer, and men of that sort. The policy of the paper is, in short, Novello, Ewer & Co., and *£ s. d.* is their motto." Now there is a nice little tit-bit for you. It will explain to you why the *Musical Times* pads out its space with such stuff as you find monthly under the heading of "Facts, Rumours, and Remarks"—stuff manufactured almost entirely out of the provincial musical critic and the printer's devil. No journal would print such twaddle without having some ulterior end in view; and the dodge is just as plain here as in the case of the composers who employ Joseph to write their librettos. And, by the way, just a word or two about Mr. Bennett's "Study" in the current issue. He tells us of picking up recently an old pamphlet detailing the ceremony of Charles the Second's coronation at Scone in 1651. He finds that a psalm was sung on the occasion, and he speculates about the tune. He says we may guess it was not "Bangor." Yes, we may, Mr. Bennett, and for a very good reason: the "Bangor" known and loved of the Scots was not in existence until at least eighty-three years after the date of Charles's coronation! Mr. Bennett again goes to Grove's Dictionary for the date of Henry Russell's birth, and as a consequence makes the veteran a year older than he really is. This is the more inexcusable that Russell's reminiscences have lately been published, with the date of his birth of course correctly stated. In this connection it is very amusing to find the *Musical Times* apologising to Sir George Grove for some over-statements of the fact that the article on Sir Henry Bishop in his Dictionary has many defects and omissions. It is another instance of want of independence, for anybody who has put his faith in Sir George's monumental work knows that the errors in it lie as thick as leaves in Vallambrosa. But then you know Sir George Grove's new work on Beethoven's Symphonies is to be published by Novello!

There is one thing to be said for *Musical Opinion*: it gives plenty of reading matter of a kind. There is certainly variety enough about it, but I do not forget that some people can make a tolerably successful meal off the "confused feeding" of a sheep's head. This month I am glad to see that some one again attacks the absurd but widely prevalent notion that the well-known hymn-tune "Helmsley," set to "Lo! He comes with clouds descending," is an adaptation from a hornpipe melody sung by the notorious Ann Catley in *The Golden Pippin*. Even Mr. Davey in his recent "History of English Music" perpetuates the common error. The tune has been held up to popular execration by church musicians for many years, not so much, I am safe in asserting, because they think it intrinsically bad, but because they really believe it to have been manufactured out of the aforesaid hornpipe. Now the funny thing is that it was quite the other way: the hornpipe was made out of the hymn-tune! The latter was published by John Wesley in 1765 under the name of "Olivers," when Miss Catley was in Ireland, and long before *The Golden Pippin* was written. Its *first strain*, however, seems to have been suggested by a popular song of the day entitled "Guardian Angels, now Protect Me," and the melody of this song,



adapted to the words "Where's the mortal can resist me?" was introduced into *The Golden Pippin* in 1776. It was not in the burletta as first produced in 1773. A hornpipe constructed from the same tune appears also to have been danced by Miss Catley in *The Golden Pippin*, but this was several years after the publication of the hymn-tune. It is really high time that this foolish notion about the origin of "Helmsley" was corrected. Another subject of some general interest is being discussed in the *Opinion*, namely, the number of barrel organs still to be found in churches in various parts of the country. One would have thought that "music by machinery" must have entirely disappeared from the churches by this time, but the list of places where music by *handle* remains in use seems to be a fairly long one. This month we are told of barrel organs in Norton Church, near Daventry, and in a church some two miles from Oswestry. No doubt the barrel organ *does* have some advantages. It will not play wrong notes; it will keep to the tunes which the people know, and it will generally play the tune over so that the congregation may recognise it. I have heard some organists of whom not nearly so much could be said. The subject of congregational singing is a never-ending one; it crops up everywhere, and the most diverse views are held with regard to it. Sir John Stainer objects to congregational singing altogether; Sir Walter Parratt says we should "make the whole congregation a choir." There is a long article here this month by Mr. Edward Griffith, F.R.C.O., who, it seems, is the "Hon. Editorial Secretary of the Church Congregational Music Association." Mr. Griffith declares that the manner of rendering the Church services in the present day is "distinctly opposed to the intentions of our Reformers, who designed and arranged them." That, of course, would be a small matter, for we are no more bound to follow the "intentions" of the Reformers with regard to church music than we are bound to be rude to the fair sex because Knox bullied Mary Stuart. But undoubtedly there is a great deal of chilling restraint and indifference in church singing which ought to be removed. What is the cause of it?—for if we know the cause, we may be able to apply the remedy. Mr. Griffith tells us that during the last ten years he has sought in every direction, both at home and in the colonies, to obtain from some two thousand correspondents definite information on the subject, and the results he sums up in the four following causes of failure: (1) Bashfulness and *mauvais honte*; (2) Elaborate and untunable music; (3) The force of example—no one sings; (4) Laziness and indifference. There is no doubt much truth in each of these reasons, especially in the second. As Sir Joseph Barnby said some years ago, many of our church services are too "exhibitional." They seem to be held rather for the glorification of organists, solo treble, alto, tenor, and bass than for the glory of God. And unfortunately, as a rule, the more artistic the choir, the more silent the congregation.

The *Musical Herald* used to be the *Tonic Sol-fa Reporter*, the official organ for those who swear by the musical notation of letters, dots, and dashes. But Mr. Spencer Curwen is an astute business man, as much concerned about making things "pay" as even Berners Street itself; and so the *Tonic Sol-fa Reporter* got transformed into a journal which appeals to all classes of musicians, and leaves the Sol-faist high and dry without an organ in the Press. Some of the Sol-faists are mighty wroth thereat; but the large majority of them are sensible men, who recognise that the staff notation must be the

ultimate goal of the musician, and see the foolishness of taking up a warlike attitude in regard to it. *A propos* of this, Mr. Curwen gives a very amusing case of perverted ideas about the letter notation as seen in a recent issue of the Parisian musical journal, *Le Ménestrel*. A correspondent of that paper, a Mons. Berggruen, had gone to Wales to report an Eisteddfod "The ancient notation of the Bards"; that is how he describes the Sol-fa notation. He seems to have jumped at the idea that Sol-fa, being something strange, must be of early Celtic origin, and he remarks of the few notes which he prints that only his Breton readers (Brittany is Celtic) will understand it without great difficulty! "The universal notation of music," he continues, "has been introduced into Welsh schools for some years, and the young generation has completely abandoned the old system." Mons. Berggruen then waxes sentimental over the fact that in the twentieth century nothing will probably be known of "the ancient notation of the Welsh bards." It is a very comical business altogether. But what can you expect when you introduce a Frenchman and an Eisteddfod to each other? The old question of whether Mozart wrote the 12th Mass which usually bears his name is discussed in a somewhat amateurish way by the Rev. J. R. Lunn. Mr. Lunn goes almost entirely by internal evidence, which can never be a very safe guide. The most damaging fact appears to be this—that the *Kyrie* is in G, and the rest of the Mass in C. Not a single instance can be found analogous to this. All Mozart's other Masses are in the same key throughout. We must therefore either suppose that this was a Mass in C, of which the *Kyrie* was lost, and a detached *Kyrie* in G is employed to complete it; or, what is better, that the several movements were written independently for various occasions and put together after Mozart's death. But the matter cannot now be definitely settled, and there is no use speculating about it.

Many readers will remember Mr. Frederick Archer, who was for a time organist of the ill-fated Alexandra Palace. Mr. Archer has been wandering about the United States for the last fourteen years, but has now settled at Pittsburg as organist in the Carnegie Hall there. He is to have the princely salary of £800 a year. Well, in the *Scottish Musical Monthly* I find a paragraph headed: "Organist Archer: he needs his £800." The explanation is that Mr. Archer had his goods and chattels temporarily confiscated at Chicago. Our contemporary reprints a very funny account of the efforts of lynx-eyed collectors and constables to tack attachments on Archer's belongings. It seems that the organist kept nine dogs, known as his "arrier 'ounds," and the cats around his place used to live in the trees for twenty hours a day. The *Scottish Musical Monthly* tells the following good story of how George Grossmith once had his little joke with the Income Tax Commissioners. Long after his father's death these leeches sent George a first notice assessing the income of the deceased at £2,000. Mr. Grossmith wrote across the document as follows: "I am glad to learn that my father is doing so well in the next world; £2,000 a year is a good deal more than he ever made in this. Kindly forward this notice to his new address, and remember me affectionately to him." He then posted the notice back to the office, and he has heard nothing of the claim since. Perhaps it was hardly the way to write about a deceased parent, but it is excusable enough as addressed to the representatives of an Act which has removed all the decencies which used to prevail amongst gentlemen.

I suppose when the Psalmist said in his haste "All men are liars," he meant the words to be used at leisure by the future Income Tax Commissioner.

I take just one item from the *Nonconformist Musical Journal*. It is an item of news. I read that Mr. Davies, one of the tenor singers in St. Paul's Cathedral choir, formerly of Magdalen College, Oxford, was engaged by the Oxford Noncon-

formist Choir Union to sing the tenor solos in *Elijah*. The matter was brought under the notice of the authorities at St. Paul's by those of Magdalen College, with the result that Mr. Davies was forbidden to keep the engagement. Dear! dear! And we talk of Christian brotherhood and Church reunion. Well may Dean Gregory and his friends pray, "From hatred and malice and all uncharitableness, good Lord, deliver us."

## →✻ The Pianoforte Sonata. ✻←

THE pianoforte sonata has at last found its historian, and the historian is Mr. J. S. Shedlock, the musical critic of *The Academy*. Mr. Shedlock, as Professor Prout has already pointed out, has many qualifications for the task which he has just performed. He is an excellent linguist, and therefore able to gather his information at first hand from the works of the leading continental authorities. His brother musical critics, again, all know him as an authority on pianoforte music. If Fräulein Banghammer is encored and plays an unfamiliar composition, most of them will go to him for information. "It is an unpublished piece by her uncle, Baron von Banghammer," he will promptly explain. It is perhaps less generally known that before devoting himself to musical literature, Mr. Shedlock was a pianist of considerable attainments; that he has a very large musical knowledge; and that his sympathies are not restricted to one school or one style. Probably few men could have been found better fitted for writing a history of the pianoforte sonata; and in any case he has done the work in a manner that is in every way satisfactory. On some little points of detail, of course, one may differ from him, but the value of his book as a whole must be recognised by every one who makes a study of it.

Mr. Shedlock begins with a sketch of the early history of the sonata in general. As he explains, the term "sonata" was long applied in an indefinite kind of way to instrumental pieces as distinguished from "cantatas"—that is, pieces which were to be sung. The form of these early sonatas was vague; yet, in spite of the light imitations, the basis was harmonic rather than contrapuntal. They were among the first fruits of the Renaissance in Italy. Mr. Shedlock cites Giovanni Gabrieli as the composer whose name must be associated with these primitive works. He wrote towards the close of the sixteenth century. Then, in 1611, Banchieri, an Olivetan monk, published at Venice his *L'Organo Suonarino*, a work "useful and necessary to organists," as the title-page has it. Mr. Shedlock prints in short score a curious specimen from this early work, showing very clearly how the sonata of those days differed both in form and contents from the sonata of the present century. It consists of a single movement in the contrapuntal style, with passages of imitation, and scarcely any modulation.

Up to the time of Giovanni Legrenzi (1667) the sonata seems never to have been in more than one movement. By the time of Arcangelo Corelli, who published his first work in 1683, sonatas answered to the definition given by Mattheson,

in which they are said to consist of alternate Adagio and Allegro. Mr. Shedlock has made a careful analysis of 48 Corelli sonatas, showing as a result that 40 have at least four movements, while the remaining eight have three. In the same year in which Corelli published his Opus 1, (1683), Scarlatti, the famous harpsichord player, was born. In the history of development his name is the principal one of importance between Corelli and Emanuel Bach; but the innovations made by him were rather in the way of inventing new passages than in any material modification of existing forms. Scarlatti revels in rapid passages—runs, broken chords, simple and compound—wide leaps, difficult octaves, crossing of hands, and of course short shakes innumerable. He was indeed one of the most renowned of clavier virtuosi. Handel, it may be remembered, met him at Rome in 1708, when Cardinal Ottoboni set the pair to compete with each other. We are told that upon the harpsichord the victory was doubtful, but upon the organ Scarlatti himself confessed the superiority of his rival. Mr. Shedlock follows him up with a short sketch of the sonata from Kuhnau down to the time of Emanuel Bach. Here we meet with many names which are practically quite unknown in the history of the art. Yet their importance in connection with the sonata—with experiments as to the number and order of its movements—must not be overlooked. Many of their works must have been known to Emanuel Bach, and yet he seems to have remained up to the last faithful to the three-movement plan. One or two of his sonatas have only two movements; none has four. Again, the experiment of extending the number to more than three—practically passed unheeded by Clementi, Mozart, Haydn, and by all the composers of any note until Beethoven. The last-named began with sonatas in four movements, but afterwards, as we know, he became partial to the scheme of three movements. Mr. Shedlock includes Dussek among those who passed the four movement form unheeded; but this is a mistake, for, as Professor Prout has reminded us, in three of his most important sonatas we find a minuet in addition to the three movements which are to be met with in most of his other works.

Mr. Shedlock's second chapter is devoted to Johann Kuhnau, who, so far as we know, was really the first composer to write a sonata for the clavier. This remarkable musician, who was born in April, 1660, in 1684 became organist of St. Thomas's at Leipzig, where Sebastian Bach succeeded him in 1722. In 1695—the year in which our own



Purcell died—Kuhnau published at Leipzig a volume of "Seven Partitas based on the Re, Mi, Fa, or minor third of each mode." In the preface he says: "I have added at the end a sonata in B flat, which will please amateurs; for why should not such things be attempted on the clavier as well as on other instruments?" In such modest fashion was ushered into the world the first sonata for clavier—or at any rate the first with which we are acquainted. Mr. Shedlock praises the work very highly; but those who may wish to judge for themselves can examine the composition as reprinted in the first volume of Pauer's "Classic Companion."

Kuhnau followed up his experiment with several other sonatas. A set of seven appeared in the following year, in which we see some anticipations of the modern form. In the year 1700 he published his so-called "Bible Sonatas," a series of six pieces of what we would now term "programme music." Mr. Shedlock devotes some twenty pages to these curiously interesting works, and gives many extracts from the music. The titles of the sonatas are worth quoting. They are: (1) The fight between David and Goliath; (2) David curing Saul by means of music; (3) The marriage of Jacob; (4) Hezekiah's sickness and recovery; (5) Gideon the Saviour of Israel; (6) The tomb of Jacob. There are some very funny things in these sonatas. The deceit of Jacob, for example, is expressed by a deceptive cadence; and there is a very realistic bit of love-painting, representing the "Goliath falls" after the giant has been smitten with the stone from David's sling. The composer himself gives a quaint illustration of the absolute necessity for words in certain kinds of music—an illustration which, by the way, is of some interest, inasmuch as it points to still earlier, and possibly clavier, sonatas. "I remember," says he, "hearing a few years ago a sonata composed by a celebrated Chur-Fürst Capellmeister, to which he had given the title 'La Medica.' After describing the whines of the patient and of his relations, the running of the latter to the doctor, the pouring forth of their sorrow, there came, finally, a Gigue, under which stood the words, 'The patient is progressing favourably, but has not quite recovered his health.' At this some mocked, and were of opinion that, had it been in his power, the author might well have depicted the joy at a perfect recovery. So far, however, as I could judge, there was good reason for adding words to the music. The sonata commenced in D minor; in the Gigue there was constant modulation to G minor. At the final close, in D, the ear was not satisfied, and expected the closing cadence in G." In this wise was the partial recovery expressed in tones and explained in words! If it were not for the unmistakable seriousness of the author, the description might very well be taken as a joke. But that is impossible after Mr. Shedlock's extracts from the "Bible Sonatas."

Passing over a chapter devoted to Bernardo Pasquini, a contemporary of Kuhnau, we come to Carl Philip Emanuel Bach, whose numerous clavier sonatas paved the way for those of Haydn, Mozart and Beethoven. In his works, more than in those of any of his predecessors, the modern sonata form is clearly traceable; indeed one or two of his sonatas are, as to form, in all essentials like those of Beethoven. Mr. Shed-

lock rightly remarks that the bond of union between Emanuel Bach and Beethoven is stronger than the oft-mentioned connection between the early master and Haydn. Haydn was practically Bach's pupil—Beethoven his spiritual heir. This it is which gives interest to any outward resemblances which may be detected—not the resemblances themselves. Bülow edited—in a somewhat daring manner—six of Emanuel Bach's sonatas for the Peters edition, but his works are so scarce that most people will be surprised to learn from Mr. Shedlock how many are in existence.

After an excellent chapter on Haydn and Mozart, we have some thirty pages devoted to the predecessors of Beethoven, in which Clementi, Dussek, and Friedrich Wilhelm Rust (a pupil of both Friedmann and Emanuel Bach), are dealt with in more or less detail. The chapter on Beethoven is, of course, one of the most important in the volume. Bach's forty-eight preludes and fugues, and Beethoven's thirty-two sonatas tower above all other works written for the piano; they were not inaptly described by Bülow, the one as the Old, the other as the New Testament of musical literature. Each fresh study of them reveals new points of interest, new beauties; they are rich mines which it is impossible to exhaust. Bach seemed to have revealed all the possibilities of fugue form; and the history of the last seventy years almost leads one to imagine that Beethoven was the last of the great sonata writers. Mr. Shedlock has some very interesting remarks on the "poetic basis" of the master's sonatas, regarding which we have fair knowledge. Schindler once asked Beethoven for the "key" to his sonatas in D minor (op. 31, No. 2) and F minor ("Appassionata.") "Read Shakespeare's *Tempest*," was the composer's laconic reply. Then Schindler, growing bold, ventured a further question: "What did the master intend to express by the largo of the sonata in D (op. 10, No. 3)?" And the master replied that every one felt that the largo described the condition of the soul of a melancholy man, with various nuances of light and shade. Beethoven's quiet, dignified utterances deserve special attention in these days of programme music. It is perhaps well, as Mr. Shedlock remarks, that he did not carry out his notion of furnishing the clue to the poetic idea underlying his sonatas. It would, of course, have been highly interesting to know the sources of his inspirations, but it is terrible to think of the consequences which would have ensued. Composers would have imitated him, and those lacking genius would have made themselves and their art ridiculous. Berlioz went to extremes, but his genius saved him; and Schumann, a true poet, though inclined to superscriptions, kept within very reasonable limits.

Mr. Shedlock's last chapters deal with Weber and Schubert; with Schumann, Chopin, Brahms, and Liszt; with the sonata in England, and with "modern sonatas, duet sonatas, sonatinas, etc." The analysis of Brahms' sonatas—perhaps the most notable things of their class since the time of Schumann—is admirably done. On the whole, this work of Mr. Shedlock's, which, we should add, is published by Methuen & Co., may be warmly commended to all musicians as a valuable contribution to the literature of its subject. Not the least notable feature of the book is its very full index.



## Drawing-Room Songs.

"I AM obliged to register a vow that I will never go to another ballad concert so long as I live," said a lady of musical taste to a friend dolefully; and upon being asked why, she replied, "Because I am so afraid of hearing 'Comin' thro' the Rye.' It has been sung at every concert I have attended for the last forty years, and I have come to dread the sound of it with a mighty dread." This is no exaggeration, nor is it surprising that any one should be led to speak so bitterly of such a naturally inoffensive little ballad as the one in question. To a really musical person, the deadly monotony of hearing the same thing over and over again, in place of something fresh and perhaps infinitely superior, is more than tiresome—it is positively maddening!

"Comin' thro' the Rye" and "Home, Sweet Home" have been converted into outrageous bores by this process of *ad nauseam* singing. Originally they were charming little songs, and we all loved to hear them—occasionally—but now we are sick and tired to death of them, and when the smiling *prima donna* comes on the platform for her encore, we scoffingly wager gloves as to which will be her choice of the two inevitables, knowing well that, if we do not hear of the arch maiden who meanders through the rye, there is little chance of escaping the domiciliary cot around which the birds are eternally singing so sweetly!

But, after all, the old songs, with their traditional sentiment and quaint simplicity, will bear a great deal of repetition, when well sung; and they nearly always are well sung, because they make no very great demand on the singer.

It is the song of the hour, the sickly drawing-room ditty, that forms the subject of this article, the song that appears to have nothing to recommend it, yet springs into popularity mysteriously, and submerges our musical evenings in a flood of yawn-inspiring mediocrity.

Now what is the attraction that certain songs possess for the average amateur singer? There must be a sound fundamental reason to account for such predilection. It cannot be solely chance that brings "The Lost Chord," "The Better Land," "Douglas Gordon," "In Old Madrid," etc., everlastingly into a field left clear by the exclusion from it of Schubert, Blumen-thal, and others of the same degree of musicianliness. There is necessarily a cause at the bottom of such aberration, and the question now is, Why do you never go to a so-called "musical evening" without hearing "Douglas Gordon" or "The Lost Chord?"

Considering that the prettiest song in the world may easily become stale by repetition, is it not wonderful that people should go on everlastingly singing, over and over again, one after the other, the same worn-out melodies, often of such feeble structure that common sense and taste alike revolt at them?

But no such thoughts, apparently, ever enter the mind of the ordinary drawing-room vocalist, who, it would seem, only desires a lead, and is afraid to trust his, or her, individual judgment in the matter of song-choosing. And so Kellie and Sullivan (certainly the best of their kind—and a hundred miles away from Claribel!), Hutchinson and Milton Wellings, triumph over Sterndale Bennett and Schubert, Blumenthal and Goring Thomas, Schumann, Beethoven and Wagner, who

are consigned to the lowest depths of the music pile. It is not that some of the popular composers cannot write good songs. They can and they do; but their best efforts are not those that are chosen by the pseudo-musical majority, the pretenders who give pennies to piano-organ grinders and encore the last high note at concerts.

One might understand this better if the songs chosen were always the most melodious or the most touching of those produced yearly by the publishers, but they are not even that. What, then, is the reason for "this thusness," as Artemus Ward would say?

It is a problem that a little knowledge and consideration can soon solve, though the solution does not appear upon the surface. The real secret lies, not in its inherent beauty, its melody, its words, or its sentiment, but—in the *singableness* of the song! Everybody sings, but everybody does not sing well. When a girl or a man nowadays has discovered in himself or herself a voice, the next thing is to get it partially trained, and the unswerving aim—to "go into the profession." He or she, consequently, puts on airs in the drawing-room, and as a result we are thrown back upon the voices that are not worth training for the purpose of making money. Such a thing as an excellent amateur is a rare bird indeed; for the matter of that, a finished professional is almost as rare. In our age of impatience, students are far too superficial to make good artists, except in the very few instances, and we have mediocrity all round.

Is it a wonder, then, that we are dinned to death by mediocre songs, when we remember that the commonplace is usually easy, and that only easy songs can be sung with any effect by ill-trained or untrained voices. Indeed, one would rather hear "Some Day" warbled under a well-thumped accompaniment than "The Erl King" or "Adelaide" bleated and banged into absurdity! For as it is hard to meet with a good vocalist, so is it doubly hard to find a competent accompanist. The professional soloist declines to play accompaniments; the songster considers them of minor importance, so long as his or her voice is shown off.

Under these conditions, it is no wonder we find that the first qualification of a modern drawing-room ballad must be its capability of being sung and played by a tyro. It must have an easy accompaniment; it must have a catchy tune; above all, it must be easy to sing. And if you examine carefully any of the modern popular songs, you will see that all these elements are faithfully combined.

Putting aside those "chestnuts" we have already noticed—"Home, Sweet Home" and "Comin' thro' the Rye" (which are so perfectly adapted to the voice that every word falls liquidly upon its harmonious note)—let us take for example some such song as "Golden Love" or "The Lost Chord," and note its characteristics.

Now every one who sings knows how easy some songs are to sing, and how difficult are others. This is not solely on account of their compass, although that has a great deal to do with it. You will seldom find a popular song whose compass extends over an octave and two or three notes. But the range of voice is not the only difficulty. The real tests of the song lie in the phrasing and the placing of the vowel sounds on certain notes related to them by the exigencies of the vocal cords.

With regard to the phrasing, or we might in this case call it the *punctuation* of a song, it is well known that one of the



chief difficulties of the voice-organ is, to put it roughly, the management of the bellows. To sustain the breath through long passages, unless you have been efficiently trained, is next to impossible; and it is no uncommon thing to hear a vocalist of the drawing-room class giving out the end of a moderately long sentence after the manner of a harmonium badly played on the *expression* stop!

It is therefore necessary, first of all, for the popular song to be chopped into short sentences, with long breathing pauses between them, as you will find to be always the case with done-to-death ballads such as the two particular ones we have noticed above.

But the *vowelling* (as we may call it) of a song is not less important. Those songs can only be commonly sung that, either by skill or accident, have contrived their difficult vowel sounds upon the notes that are related to them. The vowel *E* is the most trying sound for most voices when it gets beyond the middle of the voice, and is usually tortured into *ai*, *er*, or *oo* in the most comical manner. *I* is another unfortunate vowel, which nearly always becomes a very broad *oi* or a throat-closing *ei* in the mouth of the ill-trained vocalist. But both these sounds, when they fall upon certain notes (about the middle of the middle register), lose much of their untowardness, and can be pronounced in their native purity by the least educated amateur.

Now we have the reason why "Some Day" turns the "Requital" out of our drawing-rooms. It is not that taste has departed altogether, nor that the sheepish element of follow-my-neighbour has drowned out all individuality. The true cause is the limit which a small voice and no method put upon taste and choice. The songs of great composers can only be sung by great singers, as the humble and truly musical amateur soon discovers; and, sad to relate, even the vocalist who could do justice to the best songs often falls under the very natural weakness of preferring to show off the voice to showing off the composer. "In Old Madrid" is not only easier to sing than "May Dew," but it presents better opportunities of dwelling upon long notes that tickle the ears of uncultured listeners, and thrill the wondering throng of chair-occupiers. We must not be hard on humanity, and few of us are free from vanity, so that we cannot unhesitatingly condemn the tiresome person who keeps on reiterating, in muffled *forte* chest notes, that "She and Douglas Gor-or-or-or-don are drown-ed in the sea-ea." But there is a possible remedy for our sufferings, and a simple one. If, instead of plunging into the tempting arena of public life, our well-provided-for youths and maidens with silver, if not golden, voices would train carefully for the benefit of their own private circles, the twittering "Some Day" warbler would soon be reduced to fancy work and oblivion, and the glorious art of music would gain vastly. We should still run the risk of hearing "Home, Sweet Home" and "Comin' thro' the Rye" probably a score of times too often every year, but there would be a chance of listening to something fresh more frequently than we now do. And in time, who knows? Hutchinson, Wellings, and a dozen others might be sent after Claribel, or relegated to second-rate music-halls, while our best English composers would be put upon their mettle to produce such songs as they *could* produce were there any market for them. A little less vanity and a trifle more audacity might lend variety to our entertainments; but we shall never get radical reform until the incapable are reduced

to performing only in the bosom of their families, where they are sure to be appreciated, and where they are safe alike from unkind criticism and from the danger of being an affliction to good taste and fine ears.

MARY L. PENDERED.



## Vulgarity in Music.

A RECENT writer in the *Musical Record* deals with this subject from the standpoint of vulgarity resulting from over refinement, a contingency easily enough recognisable. But there is another form of vulgarity, and that is generally indicated by such a nauseous repetition of the commonplace, that it becomes not only vulgar and a bore, but one might almost say at times positively indecent. The vast quantity and the wretched quality of the stuff that is sold in England as music is positively appalling; the shallow operatic scribble and the mawkish, the unhealthy sentimental songs which are often so delicate as to recall the remark, "Wot you not, madam, how much *indelicacy* there is in your delicacy?" Do not imagine that for one minute I would wish to see a revival of the good old songs of past times, the settings by Leveridge and Clarke D. Purcell and others of the vile and coarse doggerel of those days. Far from it. Refinement and a feeling of decency have made immense strides since then. But cheap vulgarity, noisy, blatant, staring colours in music, your vulgar blues, aggressive reds, and sickly greens, are all to be found in the modern ballad poured in thousands from the publishers' press. Refined mothers, who would be horrified to see their daughters deck themselves in materials of the commonest description, the vilest and loudest colours, "servants' blues," "magenta reds," and the like, ill-made and ill-fitting, and of third-rate cut, style, and finish, will yet allow those same refined daughters to wear the musical counterparts of such things. Forty years ago Mendelssohn protested against the vulgarities of Herz and the like, but nowadays just as much of the same stuff, and worse, is sold. The tendency of the age amongst the lower middle classes and amongst the brainless part of the aristocracy is to buy music of the cheap novelette type, the vulgarities and vilenesses of which are partly hidden under carefully contrived descriptions, which have no true counterpart in nature, and are therefore more pernicious than any amount of outspoken truth. It is cheapness and nastiness that pays now as it did 200 years ago. Your royalty ballad composer often makes a small income out of a single piece of careless work. Your Robert Franz subsists solely on charity, the result of the exertions of devoted friends but little better off than himself. Sentimental, hysterical gush is, alas! too often mistaken for emotion; even the children have become morbid, or are depicted as such. They are either "banned by hoot of churlish owl" (what bathos!) or sweetly (!) depicted holding a lily in their chubby fists, and praying for death. What beauty is there or can there be in such silly, fatuous and weak-minded unnaturalness? Such stuff can only unfit one for the beautiful but neglected works that abound in hundreds. Just as the vile, sensational "penny dreadful" has been proved over and over again to have been the cause of many of the crimes brought to light in our police courts, just as many of the first backslidings amongst the young may justly

be placed to the pernicious love stories (!) with their artificial gloss, which they are in the habit of devouring, so many a would-be musical enthusiasm has been nipped in the bud by the terrible amount of shoddy that is circulated under the name of music. If music is, as is asserted, the language of the emotions, then such a term applied to these works should be as much a false trade description as selling margarine for butter. Such is not *music* any more than ignorance is innocence, although not more than one person out of a hundred ever makes the distinction. I adjure you, mothers, whose children are musical, do not dress them musically in the manner of the lowest-class servant or Whitechapel factory girl, with bangs or piccadilly fringes, in glaring colours, of coarse materials and sloppy workmanship, who, the more attention she can manage to attract, thinks herself correspondingly the better dressed.



## A Word on the Worship of Executants,

AND THE PROPORTION THEY BEAR TO  
ORIGINATORS,—SOMEWHAT LAMELY  
TERMED "COMPOSERS."

—:o:—

THINK "composer" is only another term for a builder,—a person of sufficient knowledge and intelligence to be in a position to tell you how many bricks will make a wall of a certain height and bulk. The popular idea of a composer is that of a man who is so clever that he can get a tune out of his own head, and put "harmony" to it, and actually get it printed—perhaps arranged for the piano. In these days, when every schoolgirl carries a fiddle-case, a banjo, or a pair of bones, there must be many more composers than formerly. Of course the greatest orator cannot do without grammar; so the great poets who have found their language in orchestral or vocal vibration have been compelled to adopt some approximation to a logical, methodical mode of speech that shall make their message to the world intelligible to the world, and shall, as it were, crystallize that message for all time. But the great sound-thinkers or tone-poets conceived first their message, and then adapted it for acceptance by those who can hear and understand. The Cambridge undergraduate, inclined to be "musical," composes,—for is he not a master of mathematics and fractions of vibration, and does he not desire to put letters after his name to overawe the ignorant and the vulgar? True, he can give you the number of planks and poles in the scaffolding; but he cannot produce the great cathedral.

The Beethovens, the masters of sound-speech, think much and "compose" little (see the mighty pile of rejected ideas accumulated in the production of the great C Minor Symphony). We will take it that the world is already as full of exalted musical ideas as it can ever hold. It is so; and Wagner's sensuous and morbid, albeit superb, effort to tie the history of music into a final knot has probably succeeded, and brought production—real production—to a final deadlock. The musical library of the world is ludicrously

overflowing with wealth, and it must be a very bold or a very callous tradesman in the art that presumes to even affect to add to that library, no matter what his influence with the daily press. But people will continue to be solo-performers—albeit the thinking world is getting a little tired of them, and turns its longing eyes and ears to the great aggregate—the highest and only real embodiment of music in its true dignity—the orchestra—where all are equal. But the orchestra is an expensive luxury, and every good orchestra has its little host of excellent individual players, and the hundreds of pounds that must be divided between the ninety or hundred honest musical soldiers in the ranks are wanted to pay one of our periodical terrors—the great Herr —, the matchless M—, or the prodigy that can fiddle this or that, and do an encore as well, with a little bit of his own thrown in, "composed" before he was weaned. These persons are to be regarded with the gravest suspicion. With tongue in cheek, laughing at the shortsighted ignorance and stupidity of people that put the ephemeral before the lasting, they rake in their money and enjoy the luxury of idiotic women rushing to kiss their hands—little remembering that they, the great performers, are but parasites upon the mighty dead, a passing fashion, while the themes they have condescended to tickle on the piano belong to history not to them. I should love to see a sudden departure in the way of programme-announcements. Instead of "The renowned Herr — will appear," or "the greatest of living fiddlers is coming," I should like to see this: "On — evening will be performed here Beethoven's — Symphony, with the best band that can be got together, guided by the best musician available, and every man in the orchestra desiring equally the privilege of taking part in the great work. Handel, Haydn, Chopin, Scarlatti, and Bach, will be worshipped on this (as on every other) occasion by persons who have enjoyed the inestimable privilege of studying, to a very moderate and shallow extent, owing to their own limited capacity, the wonders of the legacy left by these writers to an unworthy world." You would not see many people at that concert. Well, then, we must have a "vocalist." Vocalists can be had in abundance; singers are simply white blackbirds—just as rare at any rate. It has been my privilege to know two or three singers—people possessed of real musical knowledge and genius, if they were not quite equal to ordinary mortals in anything else. One could hardly class with these the lady who was studying "I know that my Redeemer liveth" with her trainer, and asked him during the process to "tell her when she must look coy!" It is funny to hear the vocalist when he or she says, "Are you going to play it in sharps or flats? Any way, hit my starting note hard, and then I'm all right." Then there is the orchestral player, right royal and pre-eminently useful soldier in the ranks. But he has kept to the ranks, like a wise man. A good old orchestral fiddler, on a friend of mine remarking that the Symphony of the evening was delightful, said rapturously: "Oh, yes!—so like the incantation scene in the *Creation*!" I asked an otherwise well-informed friend of mine, who sometimes plays, and plays right well, the trombone in amateur orchestras, "Do you know the — Symphony?" The reply was much to the point: "Well, let's see; is there a trombone part in it?" But these soldiers in the ranks are indispensable, and they are the troops serving under the dead yet ever living generals. The question I am asking is, What is the real relation between the profound tone-thinker and the artisan who condescends periodically to



rake in his thousands of pounds with his few got-up concertos and his half-dozen well-learned "encore" tricks, when half the money would give us a good orchestra? What is the relation between the man or woman whose top A or high C makes millions, and the garret man who, like the immortal Schubert, died almost in boyhood, unblest and unwept? Was not Mozart's poor body met at the gate of the graveyard by the Austrian "Bumble" with the casual remark, "Take it away, we don't bury bandmasters here!"? And now millions of women would weep salt tears over the tomb of a Paderewski's poodle!

I am fully aware that we are all indebted to persons who worthily fill the positions of interpreters *pro tem.* of the mighty originators. I know we cannot do without them. But let them take at once their proper place as letter-carriers. Here is a new programme, "Mr. longhaired German, or Pole, or Slav, or Englishman, will on this occasion, in deep humility, but with his best cultivated facility of digital fluency, endeavour to set forth what he in his exceedingly limited knowledge conceives to be the intention of the late — in his work —; and he guarantees to think only of what he is trying to represent, and not of himself, the 'gate-money,' his pretty hands, the girls, or his hair." Why allow your Joachim, your Sarasate, or your Hollman to come coruscating to the front, to receive before he begins say twice the applause

bestowed ten minutes ago on a good performance of the "Eroica," unless he has at any rate given his very best services in the colossal orchestral work just concluded. If he has given his best in that, let him do his worst to madden the musical mind now with his high slack-wire feats. Of course, as we cannot all give our lives to the playing of music, so it follows that it is convenient to have persons who set themselves apart to render for us what we cannot play ourselves. But let us imagine a Cherubini or a Bach swaggering out in an acre of white waistcoat and a ton of watchchain to fiddle an "air with aggravations" by Miss Selina —, of the "Clapham Junction Mutual Incorporated Friendly Polytechnic for the higher development of Music and Football." Shakespeare come to life again, for this occasion only, to recite a few verses by the young man that does the funny column! One word on the other side. Once in a century you may get a Sims Reeves, or a Wilhelmj. People will hear them, whatever they sing or play, for the simple joy of matchless tone and matchless art; but let us tell the great and ever-increasing multitude of solo (or selfish) performers, that the man who mouths *Hamlet* lives in every street in the directory, but the man who painted that colossal picture lies dead, and yet lives for ever, in a little church in Warwickshire.

E. F. C. CLARKE.

## Haydn in London.

**H**AYDN had a great affection for the English capital. He visited it on two occasions; for the first time not till he was nearly sixty years of age. Besides earning considerable sums of money during his stay in England, he met with many amusing adventures, some of which we will now relate.

A rich peer came to him one day, and asked whether he would teach him counterpoint, offering to give him a guinea a lesson.

"Very well," replied Haydn. "When would you like to begin?"

"Directly," said the peer, and he pulled a quartet of Haydn from his coat pocket, remarking at the same time that there was no need to teach him the first principles of harmony, as he already understood them thoroughly.

"To begin with," said his lordship, "suppose we go through this quartet of yours. I want you to explain its construction to me, for I must tell you candidly I don't quite approve of it. I should like also to ask you a few questions about some of its modulations."

Haydn was somewhat taken aback; then the thought of the promised guineas recurred to his mind, and he answered modestly that "if his lordship wished it, he was quite ready to explain anything that might seem unintelligible."

The Englishman began with the first few bars of the quartet and in almost every note he found something to object to. Haydn's compositions were, perhaps, the result rather of inspiration than of an exhaustive study of the theory of music. He could only answer, "I did this because

it was right; that, because it was necessary; this was put in for the sake of effect," and so on. But his pupil seemed bent on proving to him that, according to the laws of harmony, his composition was incorrect. Haydn would not admit this for a moment, and at last he said, "Well, my lord, all I can suggest is that you should re-write the quartet according to your own ideas; then have it performed, and we will see which is the better of the two!"

"And why should yours be?" asked the visitor.

"I can't tell you *why* exactly; all I know is that it *would*."

The Englishman was as far as ever from being convinced, and kept on adducing fresh arguments to prove that he was right, and Haydn wrong. At last Haydn lost his temper, and said, "I thought, my lord, I was to teach you music; now I find, on the contrary, it is you who are to be *my* instructor. I hope you will excuse my saying so, but really I cannot afford to pay you a guinea for my lessons!" The Englishman was obliged to retire with the best grace he could, and Haydn gave strict orders to his servant not to admit this distinguished pupil for the future.

Another time a sea captain called upon him.

"Are you Haydn?" asked he abruptly.

"Yes, sir. What can I do for you?"

"Why, I will give you thirty guineas if you will write a march for the band belonging to my ship. But you must let me have it at once, for to-morrow I sail for Calcutta."

Haydn agreed, and directly the captain was gone he sat down at the piano and quickly accomplished his task. But being a conscientious man, it seemed to him that the money

was too easily earned, and he therefore composed two other marches as well, meaning that the captain should either have them all, or take his choice amongst the three.

When the captain returned early the next morning, Haydn said to him, "Here is your march, captain."

"Very good; now, then, just play it over to me."

Haydn played it, and the captain counted out the thirty guineas on the piano, took the music, and went off without another word. Haydn ran after him, and called out—

"But I have composed two more marches, better than that one! Just listen to them, and see which you like best."

"The first one will do, and that's enough!"

"But do just hear the other two, and perhaps——"

"No, no, I tell you, I can't wait. It is quite impossible."

The captain was hurrying downstairs as fast as he could. Haydn gave him chase, exclaiming—

"Sir, sir, I will make you a present of them. You have paid me far too liberally. Do, pray, take them, I entreat you!"

The captain only hurried the faster.

"If you would just listen to them!" implored Haydn piteously.

"Not for the world!" shouted the captain, taking to his heels.

Haydn found out his name and that of his ship, packed up the two marches, and sent them after him with a few words of explanation. Note and music were promptly returned unopened, and Haydn tore up the latter in a rage.

One day as he was idly sauntering through the streets, he went into a large music shop, and asked the proprietor if he had anything he could recommend.

"I should think so, indeed," was the reply. "I have some of Haydn's best works."

"Is that all you have?" replied Haydn. "I don't care about that."

"What! not care about Haydn's music? Why, what fault can you possibly have to find with it?"

"Oh! quite enough, I assure you. I don't want anything of his. Just show me something else, please."

But the shopkeeper, who happened to be a great admirer of Haydn, was quite affronted, and said shortly—

"It's of no use my showing you anything. I have some of the best music that ever was written, but it won't suit *you*!" and he turned his back on the composer. At that moment a gentleman came in who knew Haydn well, and at once began a conversation with him. The shopkeeper came up in the middle of it, and said indignantly, "Only think! this gentleman, this friend of yours will have nothing to say to Haydn's music!" Great was the good man's embarrassment when he was made aware of the real state of the case.

The celebrated Mrs. Billington was a friend of Haydn, and when in London he often called upon her. Sir Joshua Reynolds had painted her portrait, representing her, after the manner of Raphael, as St. Cecilia listening to the angelic choirs. Haydn's remark on the subject is well known: "The picture has one great fault," said he: "the angels ought to have been listening to Mrs. Billington, instead of her listening to them!"

Papa Haydn was always a devoted admirer of the fair sex, even when he was quite an old man, and the following anecdote will prove this.

The Prince of Wales was very anxious to have a portrait of

him, and gave Sir Joshua Reynolds the commission to paint it. Haydn was quite willing to sit to him, and duly arrived at the time appointed. But the fact of having to keep perfectly still and in an unnatural attitude by the hour together in the artist's studio, wearied him so dreadfully, that his face unconsciously assumed a look of the deepest dejection, while Sir Joshua, who could not help seeing a great difference between the energetic conductor of the orchestra and the wretched-looking being before him, besought him to try and think of something pleasant and put on a brighter expression if he could. Haydn did his best, but he was not in the habit of arranging his features to order, and at last the sitting had to be given up for that day. The same thing happened repeatedly, and finally Sir Joshua, in despair, begged His Royal Highness to excuse his attempting so impossible a subject, assuring him that to represent so celebrated a genius with such an idiotic expression would seriously affect his own reputation for the future. The Prince had recourse to a stratagem. Haydn was asked to sit once more, and with the usual result. But all of a sudden a curtain was drawn aside, and out stepped a lovely, smiling young girl, dressed in white, and with a wreath of roses on her head. She took Haydn's hand in hers, and said in his native tongue, "My dear friend, how glad I am to see you! What a pleasure it is to meet you here!" Haydn was full of delight and surprise; he greeted his countrywoman warmly, his eyes sparkled, and his whole countenance was full of animation. Sir Joshua seized the happy moment, and painted a life-like portrait of the great composer. One of the Queen's maids of honour was the young lady who had taken part in this successful little plot.

## Notes and News.

SIR CHARLES HALLÉ has left behind him an autobiography extending to 1866, which is to be published.

It furnishes interesting accounts of his life in Paris, when he was in constant intercourse with Wagner, Berlioz, Musset, and others.

The full scheme of the Norwich Festival, to take place next October, is, of course, not yet to hand, but it is understood that it will include a revival of Mr. Randegger's *Fridolin* and a new cantata, based on the legend of Hero and Leander, by Signor Mancinelli.

Herr Mark Hambourg will give two pianoforte recitals, under the direction of Mr. Daniel Mayer, in St. James's Hall on Tuesday afternoons, January 28 and February 4 next.

A very interesting feature of the next summer season will be a series of seven historical pianoforte recitals, to be given in May and June, tracing the development of this form of art from Bach to the latest composers.

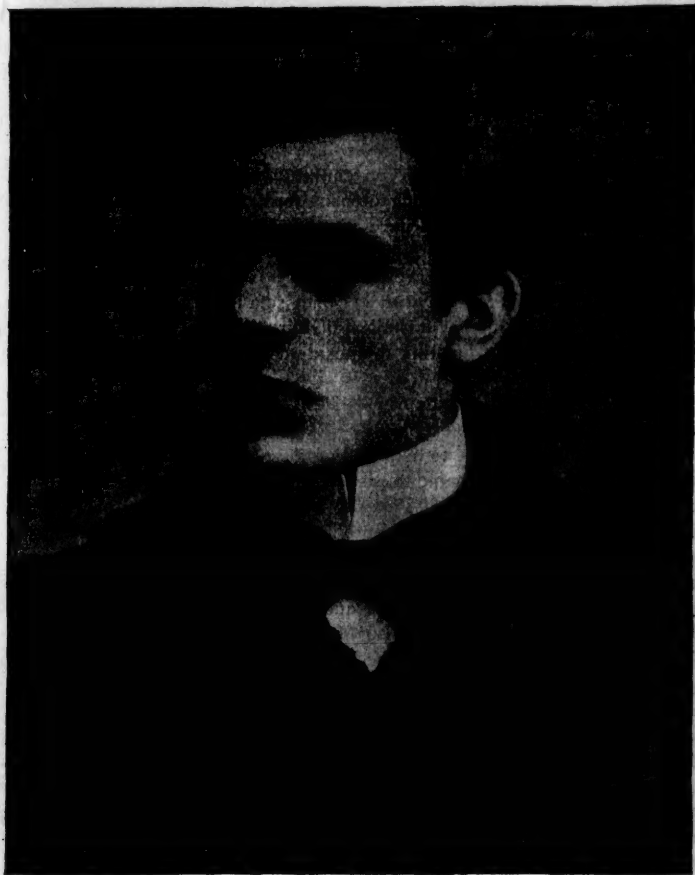
Mr. and Mrs. Bancroft have arranged with Mr. William Boosey to give a series of recitals and readings at Messrs. Chappell & Co.'s Ballad Concerts at St. James's Hall. They will make their first appearance on January 8, the first evening concert of the new year, and will also appear on January 15, the first morning concert.

Mr. F. W. Bourdillon has written a musical romance entitled *Nephelê*, which Mr. George Redway will shortly publish.



## Dramatic Notes.

NEW HAYMARKET ORCHESTRA.



MR. RAYMOND ROZE.

If there is one trait in John Bull's character more pronounced than another, it is the stolid complacency with which he tolerates a nuisance apparently for the sheer pleasure of growling at it. The British playgoer is no exception to the rule; he knows what he wants from actor or singer, and, as in the case of a certain brand of soap, he "sees that he gets it." Not so, however, with his theatre orchestra. He uses much language on occasion when *entr'acte* music is in question, but in his heart of hearts he would feel aggrieved if things were any better, and a good band, playing good music, were substituted for the attenuated strings, the tinkling piano, the blatant cornet, and the militant drum. Hence the poverty-stricken thing which we call a "theatre orchestra," and the paucity of managers who think it worth while to give us a band which shall be something more than a cover for conversation when the curtain is down. At only one or two theatres are we provided with something better than an alternation of tinkle, squeak, and crash, and to that "faithful few" I am happy to say that we may now add the Haymarket.

A reorganized orchestra made its appearance, under the conductorship of Mr. Raymond Roze, simultaneously with the commencement of the run of *Trilby*, with hitherto the happiest results. We owe thanks and congratulations to the management for this welcome departure, and Mr. Roze deserves credit for showing pluck enough to resist the blandishments of touting waltz publishers, and sticking to the performance of good solid stuff. To

those who are behind the scenes in these matters, it is well known how a theatrical conductor may rake in many dollars in the shape of "bonuses" from publishers, by the simple expedient of playing any cheap and nasty stuff they may choose to send him, and it argues a little courage on the part of a young man (and Mr. Roze is a very young man) to show the publishing tout that he places his art above tempting perquisites.

Not only is the new orchestra well supplied with strings (and wind in place of that awful piano), but the players themselves are all good men. Among some familiar faces in their number, I noticed that of Mr. Clinton, the famous clarinettist. This fact alone would indicate the quality of the band, while as to the quality of the music, I need only draw attention to the very superior programme provided on the occasion of my visit:—

- |   |                              |              |
|---|------------------------------|--------------|
| 1 Overture ...  | <i>Trilby</i> ...            | Raymond Roze |
| (Introducing <i>Rosamund</i> of Schubert, and <i>Der Nussbaum</i> of Schumann). |                              |              |
| 2 Komarinskaja ...  | ...                          | Clinka       |
| 3 (a) Prelude ...   | Op. 28 ...                   | Chopin       |
| (b) Spinning Wheel  | <i>Flying Dutchman</i> ...   | Wagner       |
| (c) Impromptu ...   | A flat ...                   | Chopin       |
| 4 (a) Chant sans Paroles  | ...                          | Tschaikowsky |
| (b) Prelude ...   | 3rd Act <i>Lohengrin</i> ... | Wagner       |

Mr. Roze's *Trilby* overture is a creditable piece of work, and promises well for future compositions from his pen.

Thanks to the courtesy of the manager (Mr. Fitzroy-Gardner), I was enabled to "potter round" the theatre and glean much information, which I could not otherwise have obtained. In the course of a short chat with Mr. Roze in his private room, I was pleased to find the impressions confirmed which I had formed as to his future

line of policy, when I first saw the programme and heard the band "You see," he remarked, "if it is true, as we constantly hear it said, that there are only two classes of playgoers—a large majority caring nothing about the music, and a small minority who like to hear a good thing—then it is surely better to provide a programme which will please a select few, than to play trashy music which pleases no one."

"Quite so. And now, Mr. Roze, a few questions about yourself. This, I believe, is your first conductorship?"

"Yes; I originally meant to take up the piano, and studied for that purpose four and a half years at the Brussels Academy under De Greef. I took there, honours and a first prize in piano-forte playing, and also passed in my subsidiary subjects—Solfeggio and Harmony. After a year's further tuition from Madame Sophie Menter I returned to England, but, finding so many pianists in the field, I determined to go in for the congenial task of conducting. I went to Paris for a few months for some of the needful experience in this respect, and on my return was offered my present conductorship by Mr. Tree, and—well, that, I think, is all about myself which I have to tell."

At this point Mr. Roze was obliged to betake himself behind the scenes for the third act of *Trilby*, and I returned to my place "in front" much pleased, from a musical point of view, with the enterprising spirit of this young conductor, which augurs well for his future success.

PITT.

## —❖— Miss Eugenie Joachim. —❖—

It is well-nigh impossible to paint a pen portrait when the sitter is metaphorically within a few feet of the penman. The scrivener, like the critic, must be sufficiently removed from his subject to treat it both judicially and judiciously. It is therefore most difficult to put on paper for publication a record of the life and work of a friend whose personality yet overshadows the pen I hold, and whose biography is less a matter for the much-abused interviewer than for the art chronicler, who has had in times past the good fortune not accorded to the writer,—that of forming a part of the *Kunstleben* which surrounds the family of Joachim.

As a niece of the "King of Fiddlers," Miss Eugenie Joachim is in a position which combines high honour with high responsibility, for a great name engenders a certain *noblesse oblige*. While her line, too, has been that of music, she has worked rather as an educator of taste than a soloist, devoting her energies chiefly to German vocal diction, both in songs and in German — more especially Wagner opera. Few contemporary musicians are so well fitted for this work, and few English folk, amateur and professional, realize how great a want has thus been supplied at a moment when Wagner, once spurned and scorned, is fêted and worshipped by the omnipotent, intelligent English musical public.

It seems almost unnecessary to point to Vienna as the home of this clever lady's family, or to mention that in her close intercourse with "Onkel Joseph"—for so he signs the various delightful portraits of himself which hang in the drawing-room at St. John's Wood—and his wife, Frau Amalie Joachim, the well-known singer, their niece has unconsciously from early childhood imbibed the musical culture which in Vienna led to life-long friendships with famous musicians, and in London makes her a rallying point for the best musicians and their art. It is not easy to give details, even were I acquainted with them all, of the life of those Viennese days, of the countless famous men and women who crossed Miss Joachim's path while she studied under Madame Marchesi as a vocalist. To have worked under Herbeck, the Richter of the "sixties" and "seventies," to have known Richter himself as a musician with a future, to have "made music," to translate literally her German equivalent, with such men as Brahms, is to have seen and heard much—to have lived. Perhaps the most interesting of all these associations is the friendship with Madame Marchesi, to whom the vocal prominence of the Viennese Conservatoire is so largely due. Owing, nevertheless, to a stroke of ill fortune, Miss Joachim's studies with this famous teacher were destined never to bear fruit in the manner originally intended. A few concerts, a few steps on the path to success as a public singer, and then came the sudden sorrows, loss of kith and kin, and the consequent nerve strain which left Miss Joachim stranded, a vocalist without a voice, an artist shorn of the means of expression, to the culture of which years of study had been devoted. The voice, however, returned little by little, and after the break up of the family in Vienna she came to share her brother's home in London, and to evolve from out her wide musical experience the special work above mentioned.

Miss Joachim's musical circle is catholic, and touches many schools and many styles, for she is even as the American lady politician who described herself as "seated on a fence" between two territories. To know this you have only to glance at those silent witnesses, the portraits of musicians which, like a miniature dado, line a shelf that runs round her drawing-room; or you may even pose as a fly on the wall on one of those pleasant evenings when good music and friendship are gathered together with one accord. If I were asked for the feature of such occasions, I should describe it as "genuineness," a certain atmosphere of honesty that

distinguishes that which is artistic from that which is shoddy, which renders the bogus celebrity an impossibility, and makes the person of every day as great an artist as the painter, author, *littérateur*, and musician whose names are in a million mouths. For in the finest art each man stands on his own merits, to enhance, not to outshine, his fellow.

As to an "interview" on conventional lines, I do not think it possible to put into such obvious form the various conversations on interesting topics I have had with Miss Eugenie Joachim, since we met casually at Sir Joseph Barnby's one Sunday afternoon some time since. I cannot even remember how I had the good fortune to find myself *tête-à-tête* with her on a sofa in a quiet corner, but we talked, if I am not mistaken, of fairy tales in which she was interested, and from this to music was a step very easily bridged. And this followed:—

"You are a relation of —?"

"Yes, I am a niece."

"What a name to be proud of!"

"And what a name to sustain!" she laughed.

"And you are —?"

"Teaching. Not voice production, but German diction."

"A splendid idea. Are you interested in your pupils?"

"It absorbs me wonderfully. I would not give it up for worlds. Lately Mr. Andrew Black and Miss Esther Palliser have been working with me, and also Mrs. Van de Veer-Green, who, by the way, is having splendid success in America, and is coming back to England shortly. How enthusiastic Americans are! She wrote me yesterday to say they had been drinking my health at one of the suppers given her by some of her friends over there. It is so kind of them. By the way, you may like to know that among those studying with me is Miss Patty Patterson, also an American artist who I think will make an impression over here. What I am about to do actually, if it can be arranged, is to start a class for my pupils such as is held at the big conservatoires; that is, to take each pupil for twenty minutes in turn, giving the rest the option of remaining present so as to study the points applauded or corrected in each successive pupil. I have enormous faith in this means of training singers. It encourages observation, the critical faculty, and cures faults of exaggeration wonderfully. I do not know if this is still her custom, but when I studied with Madame Marchesi this was always her method, and I was among the privileged pupils—for it was not a regulation of the Conservatorium—who might listen to lessons in this fashion."

"It must have been delightful to know such a woman."

"She was far more than a teacher to me, and I shall never forget our meeting last summer after a lapse of twelve years. I was passing through Paris, where, as you know, she now lives and works, and I called to send up a card on which I had written 'Jennder!', a sort of nick-name by which her daughters knew me in the old Viennese days. The servant came flying back to take me to her. When I entered the room, she was standing there with outstretched hands and a *Mais, ma chère*, which spoke volumes, and spanned a long separation."

"How many famous people have you not known?"

"I have had a very interesting life. Among my oldest musical friends are the Arditis; I have a great admiration for Madame Ardit, who is a Virginian by birth, and what you would call 'all round clever.' Do you like Herr von Dularg's singing?"

"I admire his art exceedingly."

"Will you come and see me? He sings at my house tomorrow."

Did I refuse?

MAUD RAWSON.



## An "Estimate" of Rosenthal.

—:o:—

THIS is how the *Bradford Observer* man wrote your latest keyboard smasher on the occasion of a recent concert:—

"The promised personality of the evening was Herr Moritz Rosenthal, whom his bill-sticker hails as 'the greatest living pianist.' The natural commentary of concert-goers would be that they have heard that man several times already; but it may be admitted that the piano is a very comprehensive instrument, and that there is room for specialising on many sides of it. Herr Rosenthal specialises with his wrists and his biceps. Friar Tuck and King Richard tried their strength by buffeting each other; modern pianists buffet the piano, and we are bound to admit that Herr Rosenthal did it soundly, and came off victor, though it must also be admitted that the 'grand' emerged from the conflict in a condition which would have made a builder of ironclads envious. His rendering of Liszt's *Masaniello* fantasia, and one of his own manufacture founded on a waltz of Johann Strauss's, involved prodigies of execution and tornadoes of sound beyond anything of the kind ever heard in St. George's Hall. It is also further to be remarked that so far as the naked ear could detect Herr Rosenthal always hit the nail—that is the key—on the head, and that the Strauss paraphrase included some pretty music. It is rather curious that a performer who does not think it beneath his dignity to indulge in such freaks as these should also play a Beethoven sonata, and the collocation was scarcely justified. It must be freely conceded that the last movement of the "Appassionata" was the finest thing Herr Rosenthal did, and it may seem malicious to say that the inherent impetus of the piece left him no scope for playing tricks with it. But the remark is compelled by his extravagant and even grotesque treatment of the other two movements—not only in the way of phrasing, but by arbitrary pauses in order to punish some unoffending chord. Chopin's *Berceuse* and Schubert's *Moment Musical* were played with very great delicacy; but really Herr Rosenthal should realize that the secret of his art is not in doubling the fortissimos and halving the pianissimos, but in giving due gradation to the half-lights of the picture. If a school-girl should rattle through Chopin's waltz as he did, she would be severely reprimanded by any competent professor, and it is to be hoped that the audience, which could not fail to lose its head over Herr Rosenthal's astonishing virtuosity, will not think that it was musically enraptured."

We have been wont to go to America for this kind of thing, but John Bull evidently does not mean to be brow-beaten either by Cleveland or Jonathan critics.

## The Month's Obituary.

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THE death is announced, at Bonn, of HERR JULIUS TAUSCH, who succeeded Schumann as conductor at Düsseldorf. He was born at Dessau in 1827, and, a year after Mendelssohn founded the Leipzig Conservatoire, he became a pupil there. Most of his professional life had been spent in Düsseldorf, although he was for a short time conductor of the orchestral concerts in Glasgow. He was a conductor of the older school, but he had an excellent reputation in Germany.

M. ALEXANDER ZARZYCKI, director of the Warsaw Conservatoire, died during the month at the age of sixty. He was a native of Moscow, and was a pupil of Konski, and in Paris of Henri Reber. He toured as a pianist in early life, but for the past twenty-five years he has been settled in Warsaw. Some of his

compositions for the piano are now frequently found in recital programmes.

GUSTAV JENSEN, professor of harmony and counterpoint at the Cologne Conservatoire, has also died during the month. He was born at Königsberg in 1843. For many years he remained in his native town, taking part in the orchestra of the town, and in the concerts of the Society of Chamber Music. In 1872 he went to Cologne, and shortly afterwards he was appointed a professor at the Conservatoire. He was a composer of works for orchestra, a symphony, and a serenade, and he has also written chamber music of merit, and a large number of songs.

We regret also to announce the death of EDMOND VANDER STRAETEN, the eminent Flemish writer on musical subjects. His largest undertaking was a "History of Music in the Low Countries," in eight weighty volumes, the first of which appeared in 1867, and the last only recently. A better known work is his "History of the Minstrels," which has, indeed, enjoyed a large circulation, and which Hullah began to translate into English. Born in 1826, Vander Straeten studied music at Ghent, and wrote some operas and pieces of various kinds. He worked with Fétis, and thus got his love for antiquarian research. By-and-by he told the world that he had found no fewer than 600 errors in one volume of Fétis' "Dictionary of Musicians"!

## Accidentals.

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Mr. J. H. Bonaurtz doubts whether Berlioz, Gounod, or Bizet will be held in as high esteem two years after this as Rameau and Couperin are held now. Fudge! Who esteems Rameau and Couperin in these days? They are both dead as the dodo.

A lady pupil of both emphasizes the difference between Henschel and Tosti as teachers of singing. Tosti sometimes kept her for two hours, and while other pupils were waiting too; Henschel never forgot that the lesson should occupy just thirty minutes.

We are promised no fewer than five books of musical reminiscences in the near future. Signor Ardit's will be one; and a volume will be devoted to Sir Charles Hallé.

Professor Pauer, it is said, will retire in April. He will probably reside altogether in Germany, having never been more than a bird of passage in this country. The firm of Augener & Co. are apparently edging in his son, Mr. Max Pauer, as an editor and arranger.

Yvette Guilbert is off to the United States for a tour at £120 per night.

The Czar has set the Russian Geographical Society to collect and publish the best of the hitherto un-noted folk-songs of the people.

A son of Sir John Stainer has found in the Bodleian Library at Oxford a volume (*circa* 1425) containing a number of secular compositions by Dufay. Sir John intends to transcribe and publish the whole of the MSS. (38) in the book.

Music and muscle combine in Dr. Hubert Parry. But for a rule forbidding the same boy to hold both posts, he would have been captain of the two football teams at Eton. In his college days he was an excellent cricketer, and he is still a good swimmer, a fearless yachtsman, and a member of the London Skating Club. Alas! and his music is so unexhilarating.

Only one hundred and fifty copies of the full score of Mendelssohn's *Midsummer Night's Dream* music were sold during the fifty years of its copyright.

Mascagni has been appointed Director of the Liceo Musicale of Pesaro, which is understood to be the best paid musical post in Italy. There is considerable disapproval of the choice, chiefly on the ground that Mascagni's well-known nomadic tendencies unfit him for such an appointment. But the money will no doubt tempt him to remain.

## A Great Piano-Teacher and His Methods.

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**T**HEODORE LESCHETITZKY has a good claim to be regarded as the king of all piano-teachers. Years ago, owing to ill-health, he renounced the concert stage, on which he had been pre-eminently successful, and devoted his genius to the production of other artists. The results he has achieved in this direction are without parallel; for as the master of Paderewski, Slivinski, Annette Essipoff, Helen Hopekirk, Fannie Bloomfield-Geissler, and others literally too numerous to mention, who can compare with him? Paderewski modestly attributes his own success almost entirely to Leschetitzky. "As for my honoured master," he says, "he is the best and most devoted friend of his pupils. His method is very simple. His pupils learn to make a fine tone from the instrument, and to make *music* instead of mere *clatter*. These are principles which should be uniformly inculcated upon every student, namely, breadth, softness of touch, and precision in rhythm. His is the method of methods. I had only about thirty lessons from Leschetitzky; but if I became a pianist, it is to him I owe it. He encouraged me in this career, facilitated my *début*, and did all this with disinterested kindness. I am happy to render the homage of my gratitude to this man, who was a noble and generous master."

Coming hard on the back of this testimony we have now a tribute to Leschetitzky's merits as a teacher from Miss Maud Rihll, a young lady who lately succeeded in drawing a crowded audience to a piano recital at St. James's Hall. Three years ago Paderewski discovered that there was the making of a first-rate pianist in Miss Rihll, and he accordingly advised her to go to Vienna and place herself with Leschetitzky. She has now returned after a course of three years' hard work under the master, and for the benefit of others who are likely to follow in her footsteps she records some of her experiences.

Leschetitzky, as a rule, leaves Vienna for the four summer months, and some pupils who do not return to their homes take possession of a village near Vienna, and spend the holidays there cheaply and happily. The cost for each eight months in Vienna is about £130. Pupils stay with Leschetitzky as long as they like—that is, if they are sufficiently talented and he is inclined to keep them, but the minimum period of study must be more than a year, and, as a rule, he does not give new pupils lessons personally for some time, sending them first to preparatory teachers to learn his method. His former pupil and former wife, Madame Essipoff, took Miss Rihll, and after six weeks she was favoured with tuition from Leschetitzky himself.

Leschetitzky is painfully precise and careful about everything. As to his wonderful method, very little can be said without going into minute details. Legato passages are played from the surface of the keys, not by raising the fingers in the slightest, particular attention being paid to the thumb. In chords a great deal of grip is required, so that every note sounds fully. Leschetitzky has a remarkable *crescendo*. He uses both pedals a great deal, but the correct use of the pedal is with him a vital matter, almost a fad; a piece must be studied note for note with regard to the employment of the pedal. He requires pupils to study away from the piano a great deal, considering this more important than to play

a piece over and over again. He thinks three or four hours' practice a day is sufficient for anybody, because longer practice is likely to make players mechanical. There must be very little movement of the body; if he sees a head bobbing, he thinks nothing of jumping up and keeping it still with his hand! Playing must be from the extreme tip of the fingers. Even-surface playing is a speciality of his. The fingers, dropping into their places from the surface of the keys, must depress the key as far as it will go.

Leschetitzky generally gives one evening of the week to a kind of semi-social entertainment of his pupils. On these evenings he selects seven or eight of them to play, and now and again he favours them with a solo himself. The question has very often been discussed whether it is absolutely essential that a teacher should play for his pupils. The majority of teachers unfortunately cannot play—that is to say they have been compelled through force of circumstances to give up practising, and consequently can only achieve a slovenly performance. There are some teachers who can play, but will not play. These are the *virtuosi* who, either on account of laziness or jealousy, not wishing their pupils to learn their tricks, refrain from giving them the opportunity. Last of all, there are the teachers who can play and do play. The representatives of this class are such men as Leschetitzky and Theodore Kullak. They understand the art of piano-playing not only theoretically but practically, and in their teaching they combine both the theory and the practice. An American pianist, writing recently, says: "I heard Kullak, who was then sixty-three years old, analyse and play Mendelssohn's 'Variations Sérieuses' with all the brilliancy and fire of a youth of eighteen. At one of the class-meetings Leschetitzky, after going over the composition in a general way, played Chopin's B minor Scherzo in a way I never heard it played before, and I suppose I never shall again. It must not be inferred that either Kullak or Leschetitzky played every piece for each pupil. Far from it! Instances like those mentioned above were very rare. Louis Brassin at one time at the head of the piano classes at the Conservatories of Brussels and St. Petersburg, a fine pianist and great teacher, never played a note for his pupils until they were 'finished.' He maintained that by this method the pupil's individuality was not stunted, and reached its full development." Leschetitzky has no school; his work is entirely that of a private teacher. He speaks several languages, amongst them being Russian, French, German, and Italian. He knows English, too, but speaks it very rarely.

It is in a little villa away upon the top of Ischl, overlooking the whole surrounding country, that this king of teachers has his country house—his "bird's nest," as he calls it. There he has spent his summers for thirty-seven years now, until almost every stone and rock is familiar to him. Here he does his best work in composition, and here he gains strength for his arduous duties in Vienna. He is a great pedestrian. One sees him early in the morning and late at night starting off for one of his long walks, flying past, for he rarely stops on the esplanade or where the fashionable crowd lingers. He walks like the wind when alone, and is as athletic and untiring as a



young man of twenty-five. In his little home away up on the cliff he entertains delightfully, for when off duty and surrounded by congenial friends he is the most genial, lovable man in the world. His genius as a talker is almost equal to his genius as an artist. His sharp, witty way of putting things, his power of mimicry, his command over language, combined with wonderful intellectual powers, make him really a marvellous conversationalist, and it is a rare privilege to hear him.

Leschetitzky, as already indicated, was until lately the husband of his old pupil, Annette Essipoff. What precisely upset the domestic relations of the pair nobody seems to know. But the master has already got another wife—another pupil too. The lady is described as “a beautiful Pole,” rejoicing in the not very beautiful name of Eugenie Domierska. Some day we must have a talk in these columns about music and matrimony. The two do not seem to be altogether congenial as a rule.



## A Musical Landmark.

**A** FIRM that has carried on its business in the same premises for more than a hundred and sixty years must surely in that respect be almost unique. Such a firm is the house of John Broadwood & Sons, who have just sent out—under the title of “Information Concerning Pianofortes”—a compact little volume telling incidentally the history of their establishment. The founder of the house was one Burkhardt Tschudi, a Swiss journeyman cabinet maker, who soon after his arrival in England, in 1718, turned his attention to the making of harpsichords. Tschudi learned his *métier* through apprenticeship to Tabel, and Tabel, the Fleming, had served his time with the famous house of Ruckers at Antwerp; so that the traditions in working of the Broadwood firm may be said to date in unbroken succession from the makers of Queen Elizabeth's instruments. Certain it is that many Ruckers' harpsichords were repaired by Tschudi and his son-in-law Broadwood. Here, for instance, is an extract from an old book in the possession of the firm: “1788, April 5. Mr. Compton. To repairing an old harpsichord of Ruckers, £32 11s.”

It was in 1732, the year of Haydn's birth, that Tschudi took the house in Great Pulteney Street, which is still in the occupation of the firm. In those days, according to the old directories, Great Pulteney Street was situated in “the most fashionable western suburb close to the Court of St. James.” This meant a good deal to Tschudi. Handel, who lived close by in Brook Street, and who frequently had Tschudi at his table, introduced him to the Prince of Wales, father of George III., and the result was an order for a double harpsichord, an instrument which, by the way, is now in the possession of Queen Victoria. By this patronage Tschudi was privileged to use the Prince of Wales' crest as the sign of the Great Pulteney Street house. It was known as “Ye Plume of Feathers,” until signs gave way to the practice of numbering houses in London about 1767.

In the year before that in which Tschudi started business—that is to say, in 1731—John Broadwood was born at Cockburn's Path on the Berwickshire coast. Like most other enterprising Scotsmen he found his way to London, and entered Tschudi's employ. Tschudi had a daughter Barbara, and Barbara Tschudi presently became Barbara Broadwood. Nor was this all: John Broadwood was admitted a partner in the business; so that, as some witting

has remarked, he was doubly indebted to Tschudi for giving him a partner and a partnership. In 1783 John Broadwood became sole proprietor, and several generations of Broadwoods have carried on the business to the present day. A recent new partner represents the *sixth* generation in direct descent from Tschudi. All this time the firm has enjoyed an uninterrupted course of prosperity and progress, both artistically and commercially, each succeeding generation of Broadwoods marking a fresh epoch of renewed enterprise and advance.

The premises in Great Pulteney Street possess many interesting associations. Here Mozart senior, with his little son, Wolfgang, called to rehearse on the double harpsichord which Tschudi had made for Frederick the Great. Here Haydn—who occupied lodgings quite near, namely at No. 18—wrote a portion of one of his compositions. Here Chopin gave his last recital in England, when he had to be carried upstairs, being too feeble to ascend without such help. Mr. A. J. Hipkins, of Broadwood's, thus writes of the composer: “He was about middle height, with a pleasant face, a mass of fair curly hair like an angel, and agreeable manners. But he was something of a dandy, who always wore patent leather boots and light kid gloves, and who was very particular about the cut and colour of his clothes. He came here [to Broadwood's] very frequently, and his playing and his compositions, then almost unknown, fascinated me. He played to Mr. Frederick Beale, the publisher (Cramer, Addison & Beale) his waltzes in D flat and C sharp minor (op. 64), now so popular, which would have been an absurd idea at that period.” Chopin's first visit to England, it may just be added, was paid *incognito* in 1837. Accompanied by his friend Camille Pleyel, he passed under the name of “M. Fritz.” One evening they both dined at Mr. Broadwood's, and after dinner “M. Fritz's” playing betrayed him, and he was obliged to confess that he was none other than M. Chopin.

Beethoven, too, had his association with the Broadwood firm. In 1818 Mr. Thomas Broadwood sent him a piano as a present, which the composer afterwards described as “an altar upon which I shall place the sublimest offering of my spirit to the divine Apollo.” We are told that nobody except Stumpff, Beethoven's tuner, was ever allowed to touch this Broadwood instrument, to which, by the way, an acoustic contrivance was attached, enabling the composer to hear its sound after he had become so deaf that otherwise the music floating through his brain could not return to him when called forth from the keys. The pianoforte is now in the National Museum at Budapest, after having been in the possession of Liszt. The account books of Messrs. Broadwood are naturally full of interesting names. Fancy turning over the prosaic ledgers and coming upon a folio headed “M. Chopin”! In the little volume to which reference has been made there is a list of one thousand names of musicians taken from the firm's books. The second name is that of Gabriel Piozzi, with whom Dr. Johnson was so wrathful. That Piozzi, “a mere music-master,” should have had the temerity to woo, win, and wed Mrs. Thrale, the widow of a wealthy brewer, was, in the opinion of “glorious Sam,” a piece of unmitigated presumption!

The little Broadwood book is not only interesting from a historical point of view: it gives a series of very valuable hints as to the care of pianos, and the best methods of remedying frequently recurring defects in the instrument. Those who suffer from the musical neighbour may be glad of the hint that an almost “dumb” pianoforte may be produced by placing a long strip of heavy baize or flannel across the strings in a diagonal direction from treble to bass. Another good hint may be given in the words of the book itself: “Where a pianoforte is inevitably exposed to an extremely dry heat, like that given out by hot iron pipes and certain gas stoves in an insufficiently ventilated room, the wood is apt to shrink and the mechanism to rattle. A foliage plant with a large leaf, such as the india-rubber (*ficus elastica*), which requires a considerable quantity of moisture, has been found in such a case to favourably modify the conditions of the atmosphere.” The owner of a pianoforte should be warned, nevertheless, that to place many plants in the room is detrimental to the instrument.

## Current Art Methods, Moods, and Modes.

**Poor Senefelder.** SENEFELDER was poor, yet, strangely enough, he was a composer of music, and a musician! He needed a means of displaying his genius in composition to a waiting world, but poverty barred his way to it. By chance he tried printing by means of ink and acid acting on a certain stone, and it seems to have answered. Many inventions modified his first attempts. Lithography became modish. Roberts, Harding, and Prout and Lewis made it help in giving the world some lovely works; then it languished out of the life of true art, and reappeared on periodical backs and slum boardings in the mighty world of advertisement. In that world it has gained a sort of artificial semblance of artistic vogue, because some simple people have begun to collect posters done by that and other processes. Of all the eminents who held its virtues in thrall, Mr. Whistler alone now makes use of it. Seventy examples of his power to govern it to his purposes hang in this December at 148, New Bond Street. They consist of mazy grey spaces and lines agreeably blurred, whose whole area in each example holds the same relation to the sheet within the frame that the eye and nostril of the head on a penny stamp hold to space enclosed by the oval thereupon. It cannot but be borne in on the Philistine mind that Mr. Whistler is an economist—an economist in his use of time, and also in his use of material and labour. But if the Philistine sees no more than that, he had best leave the gallery in silence, and send his son or daughter to scan its contents: they most likely will find something of beauty here, unless, indeed, they have been at the Royal Academy Schools. They may perhaps demur to Mr. Pennell's assertion that "this is the most important series of lithographs that has ever been made," for Mr. Pennell, although an artist himself, is an American as well; but they will see at least what a notable thing an artist's "touch" is. There is little more than touch to admire, for Mr. Whistler has seen the utter impossibility of doing any really big thing in expression on the sensitive stone or paper unless he was prepared to spend a great deal of time, and so he has permitted himself only lightly to brush the surface, allowing the sand-grain to take what it could of his fancies, with very little expense of time and effort. Here are many old friends among the subjects depicted: "Old Battersea Bridge" has just enough of its glorious ramshackleness rendered to make us wish for a little more heartiness in the rendering. As it is, it looks more like hurried than merely rapid work. Surely, too, "Lindsay Row, Chelsea," deserved more at the artist's pencil than that perfunctory limit of things that might be anywhere for aught of the Chelsea spirit they exhale. It is more like a "picturesque bit" from some of the old-fashioned flighty drawing-school examples, than a bit of quaint, rather solid, rather hazy, rather graceful old Chelsea. Mr. Whistler's figures will surprise some people. The "Little Draped Figure" is beautifully suggestive, of course; and it has no hands and no feet, for the very sufficient reason, probably, that nobody has feet nowadays—only mangled, misshapen, fleshy excrescences; and but few people have hands—only extremities of the arm irregularly notched or serrated. And, as without models it is not easy to draw either hands or feet, Mr. Whistler's figures are for the most part footless and handless. This is not the reason assigned for such lack by a certain critic whose normal state of mind is that of fury: said critic says that with hands and feet these lithographed figures would be imperfect; at least, he says they are perfect as they are, and the inference is necessary that any addition would detract from their perfection. There is weakness in this explanation; but weakness is the peculiar attribute of explanations. There is weakness, because, in "The Smith's Yard at Lyme Regis" the same absence, or almost absence, of feet occurs in a horse whose character and pose are excellent in all save that. That Mr. Whistler has attained all he

wishes in these drawings we must believe, for Mr. Joseph Pennell in the catalogue preface says so; but it is to be wished his ideal did not involve so frequently in the execution an aspect as of a foiled attempt, as if the transfer paper had been gritty in one place and not in another, or as if the stone had been coarsely prepared. But when all is said in that quarter, there remains the fact that, as a composer of lines, masses of shade, tones of colour, this artist is rightly ranked among the great ones of pictorial art. We all remember how strongly Mr. Whistler objects to have "Velasquez dragged in," when his own merits are the topic; but he must pardon us if we insist on setting him alongside of that great Spaniard and all his peers in every "artistic period." It may seem "rough on him" to be classed, by presumption like ours, with Turner and Cagliari, but the fact is, one can't avoid doing it; and he may get over the impertinence in time!

**The Embryos of "Trilby."** And now, in a room of the Fine Art Society nearer the street, a gentleman is writhing infuriate beside Mr. Du Maurier's studies for "Trilby." We find him there trying to scathe and utterly wither what he calls a "reeking mass of cut-and-dried and machine-made imbecility"—that is the new-world-way in which he describes a sprinkling of harmless and really ingenuous people who like Mr. Du Maurier's drawings, and don't worship Mr. Whistler! One of the reproaches he slaps their faces with is, that they are "correctly-tailored," as if it would be best to be wrongly-tailored. This is really very heated language. Has he never heard how "the last remnant of the genius of the Jews"—Beaconsfield—said that to be well-tailored was "equivalent to having the consolations of religion?" However, let us allow our friend to pass into the Whistler sanctum while we add another item to the seething mass who admire *Punch's* "Young Man" in the lobby. Du Maurier is seen in these drawings to have all that certainty of hand and stock of acquired tricks of handling which are needed by any one who must, as he must, turn out smart work weekly from his mental mill. Besides the artistic achievement, a cause of interest in them is their comparison with the engraved results that are placed close by each set of studies. In some cases the study has been faithfully transcribed; in others distinct changes have been made. In the demonic Jew, Svengali, the artist seems never to have retained the original rather commonplace look of the model. The evil character has in all cases had to be added in the engraving from the imagination; which is, one may hope, a pleasant thing to reflect on, for it seems to imply that wicked-looking people of that kind are sparsely sprinkled even here in "Babylon." The evenness of touch among technical qualities is very admirable in these studies; and it is also noteworthy that even in degrees of failure there is never wanting evidence of the instinctive way in which the artist's hand shapes out beauty rather than ugliness. Indeed, it seems plain from these instances that the whole bent of Du Maurier's art is towards the expression of beauty in line, in character, and in such assemblage of lines and masses as go under the term composition. In the latter quality we must seek his real eminence in *Punch*. In paper it is often delightful to study the effect of the law of repetition set off in a hundred subtle ways by the effects of laws that for the time being are subordinated. And the great beauty of this characteristic repetition lies in its apparently instinctive rather than thought-out character. Even Charles Keene never had more power of expression in mere outline than Du Maurier has; in fact, Keene's power in facial expression was mostly given by abundant use of shadow. Going over a series of Du Maurier's ladies' faces—so alike as they may be in type—one is strongly impressed with the variety and subtlety of facial expression which seldom more than the outline of the profiles to do it with. Of all *Punch's* youth, Du Maurier now remains the one who has most of



that fine Thackerayan quality noted long ago by John Ruskin; a disposition—surely a fine one—rather to laugh *with*, than *at*, people, especially when the people laughed about are women.

Sometimes he tries to draw a bad duke or a malignant duchess, and yet I constantly see at least some trace of *noblesse* peeping through the conscientious effort to give the evil nature. Sardonic, bitter, the expression may be, but there is too evident a striving after the satanic for us to believe in its real presence. But, his learned blockheads, his superior boobies, his ladies, acute in seeing a chance of exploiting others to their own purposes, while all too mindless to work the exploitation undetected, his artless children, so unblushingly desirous of being artful, these and many others—among them the helpless curate of commerce—all tell Mr. Du Maurier's utter inability to believe in the fall of man to any orthodox extent. They are depicted in their baseness with *difficulty*. Although the pitting of artist against artist has always more or less an air of cantankerousness, and may be sometimes an eminently unfair proceeding, yet there can be no objection to fair comparisons after the artists' right to work out each his own ends in his own way is freely conceded.

The accidental neighbourhood of two men like Messrs. Whistler and Du Maurier invites such a comparison, which need do no harm when conducted in the right spirit. Whistler, we see, then, has set himself now as always to displaying an interpretation of the softness, the flowingness, the harmoniousness of natural objects. Except in such things as Carlyle's portrait, he avoids clear definition, lest he should be ensnared by harshness. Hence character, moral or mental character, are rarely presented by him. For why? Because he declines to go beyond a blur in representing an eye, or a "curlyqueue" in rendering a hand. The blur and the "curlyqueue" are pleasing in themselves, but they are little more than landmarks to indicate where the particular feature lies. These vague symbols of his are always drawn so that they would bear development into such fierceness of precision as might incur the approval of a Ruskin or even a Maddox Brown. The blur and the graceful twirl are believed by Whistler to be more like the facts, as a cursory glance takes them in, than a greater distinctness would be. Thus he works and thinks, not in deference to the taste of any period, artistic or other, but because it pleases himself to do so. None has a right to say him nay. He has the right to be an artistic law to himself. But then his friends—some of them—won't let us be; even after we yield him all we can give or he can ask, our admiration. Admire any other manner than that of Whistler, and straight the latten guillotine descends on your sinful neck—judge and jury being one—a certain European cultured person from the West, who, from his literary functions, performed with "plenty of go," in various quarters, should be known henceforth as "The Trumpeter of Whistler"! This "rampagious" man, when he hears or sees that really some people have found pleasure in Whistler's art without consulting with him first, is at once "inflamed with zeal; his reins tremble; he shows his anger according to judgment"; he calls aloud, as in a bitter irony, "Oh, I forgot, Mr. Whistler is accepted"! He adds a hint that Whistler's notions are stolen at times. In that he is ludicrously mistaken. There is not an artist living who has not the sense to see that Whistler cannot be appropriated, even were it worth while to do so. There has been no Whistler School; there never will be one. Influence for good mostly, though not always, Mr. Whistler has shed around, and even Velasquez, if we may "drag him in," had nothing more than influence on Mr. Whistler's art in oil. A look at the Du Maurier drawings exhibits the different aims of these two. We see at once that this man has certain things to tell us which require more than the deftest applied blur or the most delicately vanishing twirl. He wishes us to know, not merely to guess, how that cast-iron Bishop smote the conciliating Curate with his set ecclesiastical

scowl. No beauteous scrappiness or meanderings of line could give those characters. Only knowledge and power to draw would do it. Mr. Du Maurier has knowledge and power, and he accomplishes his aim. If, as seems undeniable, Mr. Whistler thinks he has done enough for himself and the world when he dots and graduates a small part of a piece of paper in a way that seems to say, "I could tell you all about it an I would," at the same time leaving off with just enough done for us to guess the rest by—much in the way nature treats a dim-eyed person—let him do so. But to say no one shall do more, is to leave what by his own account is his own *mtier*, which is to amuse, and assume that of the moralist, which is to teach—or exasperate! Explicitly or implicitly, Mr. Whistler has been tickling people with the above-mentioned inconsistency for many years, and now "The Trumpeters of Whistler" are going to do it all over again, not ethereally, as the world excused him for doing it, but crassly.

At Agnew's, a walk of inspection among the twenty **Twenty Masterpieces.** pictures by men whose place in our lives is assured, hanging there just as they should be hung to make their beauty felt, is quite enough to cool the most fevered mind, until it begins to wonder why it should ever be fevered at all. There again we see the "Jessamy Bride," whom Goldsmith with that phrase has enhaled with the charm of his own sunny genius. She is painted by Hoppner, who surely must have had no yearnings to play truant from the "drudgery" of portraiture in presence of *this* sitter. Admiral Viscount Nelson, by the same hand, is painted in such a way as makes us think escape from that task would have been grateful. Three jewels of pictures by Morland are here. One—a mere miniature—"The Bell Inn," takes us, as is usual with a Morland, into the pure air and refreshing colour and quiet ways of Old England. Two well-known Turners and a Bourrington are well seen. A most exquisite specimen of G. Vincent, "At St. Mary's, Beverley," recalls once again the strange disappearance of this man of genius at the age of thirty-five. A great impression by Constable, recalling the trees that rock and the waters that plash in the better-known "Salisbury from the Meadows." Gainsborough's "Market Cart" is like the same subject in the National Gallery, but with more harmoniousness of line. "Miss Linley," by Romney, is wondrously beautiful in method and handling. We see him here at his best: no foxiness, such as mars some of his best-handled works. How full and inexhaustible these 18th-century works appear after an inspection of some of the empty clever work of to-day. There really is some truth in the belief that men of that century were less in the grasp of avariciousness, even when wealth lay easily within their reach, than most of the successful men of later times have been.

When will it please our masters, the public servants of us, the "People of England," to show some little consideration to their vassals who pay them tribute? Months and months ago I went to Bethnal Green to see my National Portrait Gallery. I was about to ascend the stairs, when I was informed by one of our servants that the pictures had been removed—the gallery closed. Weeks and weeks after that I went to the New National Portrait Gallery, and was curtly informed by another policeman that my pictures could not be seen now, and he didn't know when they could be seen. Would it be too much to ask messieurs our hirelings to put themselves just a little out of their usual way, and save us fruitless journeys by putting up an announcement of when we may see our property again? What on earth are they doing with the pictures? Scrubbing their faces, as the other people scoured the beautiful glazes off the Correggios in the National Gallery? I really fail to see why we keep these places open. Those who pay and paid for them all are only allowed to see their contents at most inconvenient times; and then at the earliest hint of sunset they are hurried sternly out to the tune of griding door-shuttings and domineering bawls.



## The Christmas Music of the Masters.

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### THE BIRTH OF THE "CHRISTMAS FEELING."

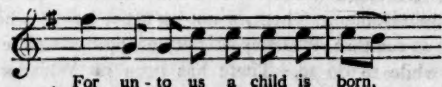
THE childlike simplicity of the mediæval imagination had many curious results, not the least curious being the generally accepted notion of the circumstances attending the birth of Christ. Of the four evangelists, three—Matthew, Mark and John, say nothing of these circumstances; and the fourth, Luke, gives a very simple account of the matter. "There were shepherds," he says, "abiding in the field, keeping watch over their flock by night. And lo, the angel of the Lord came upon them, and the glory of the Lord shone round about them: and they were sore afraid. And the angel said unto them, Fear not: for, behold, I bring you good tidings of great joy, which shall be to all people. For unto you is born this day in the city of David a Saviour, which is Christ the Lord. And this shall be a sign unto you; ye shall find the babe wrapped in swaddling clothes, lying in a manger. And suddenly there was with the angel a multitude of the heavenly host praising God, and saying, Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, goodwill towards men." I have transcribed the story, taking away the customary division into verses, to allow you to read it as much as possible without the interference of association of ideas. When we do read it thus, what strikes us most strongly? To me, at any rate, it is the oriental, almost pungently oriental, atmosphere that it suggests. It must have been a sultry night when that glitter shone in the sky and the mysterious song came from afar off; depend upon it those ancient shepherds saw, not angels in white robes, golden hair, and resplendent wings, but beings resembling more nearly the good fairies of the Arabian Nights, in gorgeous, many-coloured garments. But the mediæval imagination, I say, was childlike in its simplicity. That the 25th of December in Palestine implies a weather and temperature very different from that of the 25th of December in northern or even southern Europe, never entered the head of honest soldiers and burghers of the "Middle Ages" and earlier. Indeed, customs and ways of life different from their own seemed inconceivable to them. To them Joseph of Arimathea was "Duke Joseph," who afterwards settled in England and was a famous knight in the tourney. One has only to read Malory's "Morte d'Arthur"<sup>1</sup> to see that these old fellows believed their customs, their creed, even their climate to be universal. To say they *thought* so would be going too far; they never thought at all; and therefore it never struck them that climate, creed and customs might all be very different indeed. (I may remind my readers that curiosity with regard to foreign manners and modes of life was a marked characteristic of the Elizabethans, showing that the difference had hardly been noticed previously.)

Well, then, these old boys of the mediæval time heard this lovely oriental story from the lips of their priests, and their imagination instantly invested it with northern atmosphere and colours. The night was no longer a luxurious eastern one, with rich flower-scents hanging in the air: it became a bitter cold, a characteristically Christmas night; the shepherds had to wrap their cloaks round them to keep off the snow; when the snow stopped for a few minutes, the stars twinkled keen in the frosty sky. And then the influence of the stories told by the crusaders began to be felt: the dim beginnings of a sense that things were somehow different abroad modified the first crude conception of that bitter wintry night and softened the contradictions involved. Shepherds did not in Europe watch over their flocks on such nights—indeed, every one knew no flocks would be turned out when the fields were covered with snow; but perhaps it was different out there. In fact, the popular imagination began to succumb to that "glamour of the East" which has in our days helped to

destroy the balance of many noble minds. The East, that mysterious place where civilizations have been and passed away before the beginning of our civilization, has always exercised a peculiar power upon those who, lacking imagination, have never reflected that to the Easterns we dull, prosaic, unmysterious Europeans are the only orientals. Thus grew the conception of Christmas. Like a rolling snowball—at this time of year an appropriate metaphor—it has come to us through Roman Catholic, Materialist, Puritan, and other periods, gathering all manner of extraneous and unessential odds and ends, such as Christmas trees and puddings, parties, and so on. The name Christ Mass we owe obviously to the early Roman Catholic days. So we do the custom of baking yule babies, or yule-doughs, which still prevails in some parts of the country. And so I might run on and make an interesting chapter that would have no connection with the matter in hand. To return, the conception of Christmas which we moderns possess was made permanent in England by two men, Handel and Milton, in Germany by Sebastian Bach, Klopstock, and other minor poets. To some small extent Dickens has affected our notions—chiefly by pouring in a proportion of brandy and other intoxicating liquors; but his influence has not been so great nor so long-lived in that as in some other respects. Anyhow, as it is only with Christmas as treated by the masters of music we have to deal here, I proceed at once to

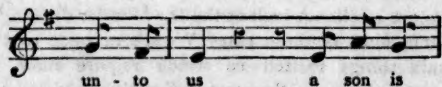
#### HANDEL'S "MESSIAH."

Handel was by birth a German, by education a cosmopolitan. But a long life spent in England, long study of English literature—especially, we are told, English poetry, and of that, chiefly Milton's—long conformity to English customs, led to his becoming, in many things at least, as English as the English, and in none more so than the feeling with which he regarded Christmas. These feelings he has given us in the *Messiah*. To those who, like myself, were born and bred in the stronghold of Handelism, the North of England, the whole of this oratorio will be associated with Christmas-tide. It is so frequently performed during that period, and many of us have heard it so often then, that the association is almost overwhelming. Nevertheless, the fact is, only a comparatively small part of the *Messiah* is concerned with the story of Christmas—only six numbers. The first of these is the great chorus, "For unto us a child is born." At first one is inclined to say that it is almost too stupendous a conception and achievement to be expressive of the local, somewhat parochial, Christmas idea; but, enormous though it is, the pure joyousness of it, and the soft tenderness of some of its phrases, give just that combination of feelings which we inherit from our forefathers as part of the Christmas idea. We have the first phrase, with its merry, repeated notes—



For un - to us a child is born,

bursting into a jubilant florid roulade on its repetition. But how easily might this—



un - to us a son is



given, un-to us a son is given.

be made painfully sentimental. If a soloist sang the passage—as

<sup>1</sup> Published by Walter Scott in the Camelot Series, price one shilling.



is the idiotic custom in Germany—the tenderness would be far too great a contrast to the rest of the chorus—would form a glaring patch of entirely different colour to the main mass. Sung, as it is in England, by the chorus, it has just the degree of sentiment that Handel intended, and that gives the Christmas feeling. Then the passage, "And the government shall be upon his shoulder," though depicting the literal meaning of the words in a kind of musical picture, at the same time serves to lead up to the famous "Wonderful! counsellor!" crashes—an expression of uncontrollable joy. So that right through the chorus we get the blending of these two emotions, gentle tenderness and overflowing joyfulness, the latter gradually becoming dominant towards the close. But, indeed, what need is there to argue the matter? We may, with a coldly critical eye, look at the grand chorus and think that such a miracle of art cannot express merely our commonplace plum-pudding and holly feelings; yet when we hear it, it does express nothing else, and a more searching critical analysis seems to show it was meant to express nothing else.

In the Pastoral Symphony, Handel begins to point the story of Christmas as believed by the English since the time of Milton. We have the absolute stillness of the fields—no storm, no excitement foretelling the coming event, simply quietude. The movement is suspended for a moment, and a voice, which ought to be subdued as possible, whispers the story of the panorama. Then the motion commences again, but again there is no bustle: the story is quietly told; and it is only when the "multitude of the heavenly host" appears that Handel strikes, as Mozart said, with the force of a thunderbolt. He has wasted no force, he has kept the main part of his canvas subdued in colour, and now we have the sudden clang of trumpets, the rush of violins, and the rich, clear human voices. It is a picture of unequalled splendour—a picture the German can never understand—it is Milton's, the English picture of the Nativity: on earth all quiet, in the heavens the shining host. To make it the more complete, Handel purposely puts a double meaning on the words "and peace on earth," and gives us soft chords that paint the thing literally; a curious enough "dodge," but one entirely justified by the result. But because a German can never understand this picture, Mozart, even the divine Mozart, must needs make "and peace on earth" a *fortissimo* command—spoiling the picture, and reducing Handel's masterly dodge to the merest nonsense. At the last repetition of the words, Handel gives the voices the chords, enhancing the effect a thousandfold—just as Mozart's alterations take away from it in the same proportion,—then the voices of the host swell out once more and suddenly die away. The radiance fades from the sky, the music becomes softer, and by means of a very considerable eye of faith one can almost see the shepherds sitting amidst the still darkness of the trees and fields. So ends Handel's Christmas picture, one of the loveliest ever painted. A curious modern parallel to it will be found in "In Memoriam." Some may remember how Tennyson describes himself as sitting in the garden at night after his friends had retired,—how, as he read "the noble letters of the dead"

—Word by word, and line by line,  
The dead man touch'd me from the past,  
And all at once it seem'd at last  
The living soul was flashed on mine—

but the splendour passes, and again he sits alone and sees in the vague darkness the glimmer of the white kine, and the dark arms of the trees laid about the field. To the 19th century Tennyson the message is flashed from within; the 18th century Handel gives us the ancient and mediæval notion of a message brought from without and beyond by a host of angels to a chosen few.

#### BACH'S "CHRISTMAS ORATORIO."

Very different is Bach's treatment of the old story. All things conspired to make it so. On the one hand, we have Handel, the brilliant society man, writing for the concert-room; on the other hand, Bach, the retired, reserved church organist, scarcely

known beyond the limits of his parish, writing cantatas for church use merely. Handel paints his picture in twenty-three days, being, in modern parlance, an impressionist; he deals chiefly with great masses of sound, which, indeed, he handles with consummate mastery: to use the previous simile, he paints in great daubs of colour, seeming sometimes in his haste not to paint at all, but rather to hurl the contents of his paint-pot at his canvas—always, however, hitting the right spot. But Bach labours long and painfully at his music, touching and retouching, until every detail is absolutely perfect. But in no respect is the difference between the methods of the two men more marked than this: that Handel is a painter, while Bach is not. Handel gets at our feelings partly through the direct power of his music, and partly by suggesting pictures to the inner eye: Bach trusts to the emotional power of his music alone. To say the same thing another way, Handel is a dramatic writer, and his music always vividly suggests drama; but Bach is purely reflective. And we must not leave out of account the fact that Bach was German of the Germans, while Handel, as I have said, in the first place, a cosmopolitan, afterwards became thoroughly English. Handel adheres to the beautiful words of the Bible, making as few alterations as possible, while Bach's libretto includes a great deal of vapid nonsense from the pen—not the brain nor the heart—of some forgotten German worthy. Finally, whilst a great deal of Handel's Christmas oratorio is occupied with matters not immediately related to Christmas, Bach's terminates with watery reflections upon the perspicuity of the shepherds who returned to their own land by a route which did not bring them into the vicinity of Herod.

Without considering the *Christmas Oratorio* at any length, let us merely see the plan on which Bach tells the story. It commences with a recitative (No. 2) telling how Joseph went up to Bethlehem to be numbered; upon which event the usual reflections are passed. No. 6 tells of the birth of Christ, and of how he was wrapped in swaddling clothes and laid in a manger, because there was no room for them in the inn. And that is all we are told in this first cantata of the six that make the complete oratorio. To the Germans the introduction of Christmas chorales will always, I suppose, give the true Christmas feeling; but to the English it most certainly does not, and never will. The second cantata opens with a pastoral symphony, and the story of the appearance of the angels is then told precisely in the order that Handel tells it, but here interrupted with incessant reflective passages, the dulness and ludicrous incongruity of which it takes all the power and beauty of Bach's music to overcome. It must not be thought that I take exception to Bach's reflective music. On the contrary, I esteem it the most magnificent in the world, but the words to which most of it is set are such utter nonsense as to destroy a great part of the pleasure that might be felt in it. If ever the *Christmas Oratorio* is to be popularized in England, it will have to be sung in German, a language with which the average Englishman is unacquainted. Or, when we all have to speak German, there will be nothing for us but to have Chinese words adapted to the glorious music—unless, indeed, some real poet can be induced to fit at least the language of sanity to it. To resume, the Chorus of Angels follows. It is not dramatic nor descriptive, like Handel's; but simply a splendid piece of self-expression, that might occur with equal propriety in any other oratorio. I do not mean that there is no management of the emotional sequence; on the contrary, it is masterly; but there is no Christmas atmosphere, not even an attempt to get it. Parts 3, 4, 5, and 6, each gives a small modicum of story, accompanied by a huge proportion of stale moralizing; and therefore it does not seem to me worth while going further with this analysis. The story is always told in recitative, with the exception of the utterances of the shepherds and the wise men.

To conclude, then, Bach's music, we are compelled to admit, is as fine as Handel's; but his treatment of the story of the nativity will never commend itself to the English: it is too naive,

platitudinous, and long drawn-out; and, indeed, it must be said that the value of the story is *nil*; it is not the real basis—as in the case of *The Messiah*—on which the musical edifice is built, but merely a peg on which to hang a number of beautiful pieces of music that have no living connection with it. Because Handel's music has such a connection with the story, grows out of it, and is filled with its spirit, it is true Christmas music; because the contrary rules in the case of the *Christmas Oratorio*, Bach's music is not Christmas music. I sometimes think that Bach must of set purpose have gone behind the feelings and associations with which the story of the nativity is to most of us filled—must have tried to regard the story from his own standpoint, uninfluenced by tradition, and given us, as it were, the emotions of a man hearing it for the first time. 'Twas a thing worth doing, though to us English it means the loss of a delight. But my speculation may be entirely mistaken, for Spitta tells us that the *Christmas Oratorio* is a condensation, an epitome, of all the Germans feel about Christmas. Well, that may be so; and if so, let us rejoice that while the Germans have their Bach we have our Handel, and that each has given to his own nation its special kind of Christmas music.



### Vincent Wallace's "Maritana."

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WE have passed the fiftieth anniversary of the production at Drury Lane of *Maritana*, and nobody—not even the Carl Rosa Company—has given a thought to poor Vincent Wallace. Although the London glories of this evergreen opera may have somewhat faded, it is, next to *The Bohemian Girl*, the most popular British work of the older repertory in the provinces.

Miss Poole, the original representative of the page Lazarillo, is, we believe, yet alive, and is probably the oldest surviving member of the 1845 cast, which included Miss Romer as Maritana, Harrison as Don Cesar, Borroni as the King, and Phillips as Don Jose. The absurdities of the libretto were even then laughed at, while Wallace's music, although it was charged with want of character, was nevertheless treated kindly, as the work of a beginner. Wallace had then only just returned from his colonial travels, and his appearance at a theatre, clad in a white sombrero hat, and a suit of planter's nankeen, greatly astonished his friend Hayward St. Leger. He had a wonderful story to tell of his adventures, of his life in the Australian bush, of the concert at Sydney, which he gave before Sir John Burke, the Governor (his reward was 200 sheep), of his rescue, thanks to the chief's daughter, from the savages of New Zealand; of the mutiny on a whaler (misnamed the *Good Intent*), a tragedy of which he was one of the four survivors; of his reception at the court of Oude, and of a concert at Santiago, where payment for admission from two gauchos was taken in gamecocks. He made a great deal of money by these tours—at one concert at Lima the profits were £1,000—but he lost it all in 1850 in a pianoforte-making and a tobacco speculation in America, where also in the same year he was nearly blown up in a steamboat explosion. He regained a considerable portion of his fortune by his American concerts, and before his death in 1865 he had increased it by his successes with Pyne and Harrison in *Lurline*, *The Amber Witch*, *Love's Triumph*, and *The Desert Flower*. St. Leger declared that *Maritana*, which ran the then unprecedented term of a hundred nights, was designed and completed in less than two months, and Wellington Guernsey averred that the head of a great firm of publishers, who had refused a parcel of music from Wallace's pen, called after the production of the opera, and paid him twenty guineas for a small pianoforte work.

*A propos* of all this it is rather sad to learn that Mr. William Vincent Wallace, the son of the composer, is in very reduced circumstances. In a recent letter to the *Weekly Sun*, dated from 1, Duke Street, Great Russell Street, W.C., Mr. Wallace writes:

"Though others made fortunes out of my father's works, he, like many a man of genius before him, died so poor that his publishers were good enough to bury him. As there was no more money to be made out of the dead composer, his last opera being quite unfinished, my mother and myself were left unaided to fight the bitter battle of life as best we might." After detailing some circumstances of his career, Mr. Wallace continues: "Of late, I regret to say, we have fallen upon evil days. My mother, now in her 82nd year, is left with wholly inadequate means of support, while I, her only son (62), through ill-health and the collapse of the journal of which I was sub-editor for some years, am rendered powerless to help her. The old order has changed, and the new knows us not. For a great German wave has passed over the world of music, driving poor Melody, with both her fingers in her ears, before it. During the intervening half century, my father's simple ballad-opera has been played innumerable times at home and abroad: it has delighted hundreds and hundreds of thousands of unpretentious admirers of melodious music, and has put money into many pockets, but during all those years not a single performance has been given for our benefit, although we have had sore need of it."

Here, surely, is a case for favourable consideration. Rooms in Hampton Court Palace have been granted before now to persons with infinitely smaller claims on the gratitude of the nation than Mrs. Wallace; and it would also seem that she and Mr. William V. Wallace would be particularly well qualified subjects for relief from the too limited fund at the disposal of the Government.

[Since the above was in type we hear that, on the recommendation of Mr. Balfour, a grant of £200 has been made to Mrs. Wallace from the Royal Bounty Fund.—EDITOR.]



### Organ and Choir.

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**Fine Tuning.** MR. THOMAS ELLISTON, who has written a very practical little book on "Organs and Tuning," which every organist should possess, contributes a short article to a contemporary on the subject of "Fine Tuning." Speaking generally, the majority of organs are tuned by a method which, at the very best, can only be termed a skeleton system of tuning. The notes embraced within the compass of a septave, usually from middle C to B, on the principal 4 ft., are tuned by means of fifths and fourths, and the remainder of the organ, excepting perhaps one or two soft stops, is tuned in octaves or unisons from the "bearings" thus laid. Any error in the original "bearings" is in this way transmitted to all the stops throughout the entire compass of the instrument. In addition to this liability to inaccuracy it is almost impossible to ensure absolute perfection in tuning the octaves, as they will absorb a certain amount of imperfection and deceive the ear. Mr. Elliston, then, would have every fifth and fourth throughout the entire compass and upon every individual stop tested, not only for degree of purity, but also for correctness of pulsation as regards the pitch of the interval, and yet again in combinations of chords. Octaves, when being tuned, should be tested by means of their fifths and fourths already tuned, and the pulsations or beats of the tuning should be divided *correctly*, not equally, between the two intervals. This is the only way to ensure perfect octaves after laying the original bearings. The advantages are certainly all on the side of these suggestions of Mr. Elliston. The flue work of an organ will "stand" a very much longer time than under the present system; there will be fewer disagreeable effects as the result of temporary disturbance by variation of temperature, etc.,



and there will be less chance of single notes being out of tune and requiring to be touched up—a process which tends to upset the temperament. Fine tuning enhances the beauties of a good organ and covers the defects of an indifferent one; it produces evenness of chords in every key, and favours extreme chords or discords, broad harmonies, and mutation work. It enhances the effect of coupling movements, especially subs and supers; and, last but not least it has an important bearing on the training of the ear.

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**Choir Flattening.** The question of how to keep up the pitch of the choir at the Sunday services is one which unfortunately too many organists find to be of constantly demanding interest. It seems to be the natural tendency of some vocalists to sing flat; and if an organist has even one such unfortunate in his ranks, it is more than likely that he will influence the whole choir in its downward tendency. The causes of flattening are curiously varied; but it is remarkable that a choir will much less seldom flatten at an evening than at a morning service. Have late rising and a heavy breakfast and a rush to service anything to do with it? Meteorological conditions will, of course, at times affect the best choir; and if the church itself is cold or badly ventilated, you are almost sure to have poor singing. The best remedy for flattening lies in the training of the voices and plenty of practice without accompaniment. Very often, too, the transposition of the music to another—not necessarily a lower—key will make all the difference between good singing and bad. Where an organist has to depend on his instrument to keep up or to restore the pitch something can often be done by a simple increase of power, particularly by the addition of a 4-ft. stop. The swell, as Dr. Bridge has pointed out, is of little value under such circumstances. It should be remembered, further, that a choir hears very little of the organ accompaniment while they are singing, and the indications which an organist has to give must, where possible, be interpolated during the temporary cessation of the voices. For instance, sustaining the accompaniment somewhat prominently between the phrases of the chant or the verses of the Psalm instead of lifting the hands as usual, will often call the attention of the choir to the fault, and enable them to regain the pitch. Again, the melody might be played on another manual, or an inversion of the parts, so as to play above the voices, will frequently produce the desired result. Now and again a choir will sing sharp, but this is not a very common occurrence. When it does happen, the best thing is to give the singers plenty of 8 and 16 ft. flue work on the manuals. Any increase of organ tone in such cases would only be likely to aggravate the trouble.

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**Tuning Voluntaries.** In these days when orchestral services are becoming common in our churches, the matter of "tuning voluntaries" is one of increasing interest. At present the tuning voluntary, as we often hear it, does very little more than "cover" the noise of the tuning. Most organists of course will "give the A" to begin with and possibly dwell on a key in which that note predominates for a very brief period; but your average organist as often as not will wander away into perfectly remote keys which are worse than useless for any instrument in the orchestra to tune by. The question has lately been discussed in the columns of the *Orchestral Association's Gazette*; and as the orchestral player should know better than any one else what he wants in the way of "tuning voluntaries," it may be well for the organist to listen to his suggestions. Here then is his plan for such a voluntary. D minor is the favourite starting-point, because it gives at once two open strings to every stringed instrument in the orchestra. A few bars in the dominant on a tonic pedal would enable the violins to tune their E string, while still keeping the D and A going. It is very essential (and a point almost invariably overlooked) that the key of the sub-dominant, G minor, should be dwelt upon for a moment or two, even though it excludes the A. The G string is a somewhat difficult one to tune (sometimes owing to an absence of soap and chalk) and cannot satisfactorily be adjusted unless the D is sounded with it. By converting the

G minor chord into a chord of the "added-sixth," another chance will be given to the violins to tune their E string, and at the same time offer a ready means by which a return can be made to the principal key. Remembering that up to the present the violas and cellos still have one string untuned, a key should be approached which, while containing A, has C natural. This is, obviously, the relative major, F, which can be entered by way of the  $\sharp$  on C. The other strings by this time will have finished tuning, and need no longer be so much considered. If the horns and trumpets are crooked in F, this key should be dwelt upon rather considerably, and if the cornets and clarinets are in B flat, this, the sub-dominant of the new key, should also be touched, so that they may regulate their C's. A return from this to the original key will present no difficulty. No doubt the plan here sketched out could be improved upon; but as it stands it will certainly be sufficient to prevent the absurdity of the band postponing their tuning, as they sometimes do at present, until the tuning voluntary has ended!

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**Mendelssohn as an Organist.** Was Mendelssohn a great organist? There are people who say that he was. Some describe him as even more at home on the organ than on the piano, though even Sir George Grove admits that this must be taken with caution. Mr. Philip Hale, writing in the *Musical Courier*, says: "You know it is still the fashion with many—or rather it is still a tradition bowed down to by many—that Mendelssohn was a wonderful organist. My beloved and revered organ teacher in Berlin, August Haupt, told me that he had often heard Mendelssohn play the organ, and had sat by him when he was on the bench; that Mendelssohn was a most accomplished reader at sight; that he had a well-developed, though by no means extraordinary, finger technic; that his playing of the pedals was that of an unpractised amateur; that he was in no sense of the word a good organist. 'The English say,' remarked Haupt one day as he took a huge pinch of snuff, 'that the little E minor prelude and fugue was Mendelssohn's favourite. It is the easiest to play.' This is quite an unworthy sneer. Mendelssohn is known to have played many of Bach's organ fugues, and his preference for the one in E minor probably had nothing whatever to do with the circumstance that it happens to be easy to play. In any case it is certain that Mendelssohn had an intense love for the organ, and was always greatly excited when playing it. It may just be remarked that he settled his combinations of stops before starting, and did not change them in the course of the piece."

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**America's W. T. B.** Mr. Clarence Eddy, the W. T. Best of America, has been telling his countrymen something about his recent visit to England and the Continent. He stayed a fortnight with Mons. Guilmant, and seems to have had a good time with that distinguished organist, who, as we learn, can make a salad as well as he can make a musical composition. In London he met Mr. Hope-Jones, the most conspicuous advocate of electricity for organs, whom he describes as "prematurely grey and decidedly distinguished in appearance." He went to St. George's, Hanover Square, to try the new electric organ there. He liked everything about it but the "double touch," which enables the player to accentuate certain notes *ad libitum*. "In theory," says Mr. Eddy, "this is all very nice, and may for some prove quite seductive; but practically it is too acrobatic and annoying to meet with general favour." What says Mr. Hope-Jones? One of the points discussed by Mr. Eddy is the pay of English organists as compared with that of their American brethren. He says he can always get £20 and expenses for giving an organ recital, and declares that £15 is an exceptional fee for Mr. W. T. Best, whose average, he says, is about £10 or £12. I fancy Mr. Best could command as much as Mr. Eddy any day; at any rate I should be surprised to hear of him giving an organ recital for £10. As to the higher salaries of church organists in America, we have also to remember the very much more expensive cost of living there. Still there is no doubt that the great majority of our organists are underpaid.

## Music in Vienna.

DECEMBER 16, 1895.

**T**HE musical season in Vienna is now at its height, and of music of all kinds there is no dearth, with perhaps the exception of classical orchestral concerts, of which there are only those conducted by Dr. Hans Richter. However, as those are of the highest order, and only take place every fortnight, the musical public looks forward to them with expectation, and the hall is generally sold out.

Yesterday the programme was as follows:—

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|--------------------|---|
| L. V. Beethoven    | ... Overture to <i>Coriolan</i> .   |
| R. Volkmann        | Concerto in A minor, for Violoncello<br>(Performed by Prof. Julius Klengel).        |
| E. N. von Reznicek | Overture to the opera, <i>Donna Diana</i><br>(First performance at these concerts). |
| R. Schumann        | Symphonie in D minor, No. 4.  |

Prof. Klengel, sometimes known as the "Sarasate of the 'Cello," quite justified the title in to-day's performance. The fineness and lightness of his technique, the wonderful penetration and mellowness of his tone, and his clear musical perception, made the performance one to be remembered. The overture to *Donna Diana* is a delightful piece of comedy, full of humour, and fresh and piquant orchestration. As for Richter's conducting, one can only speak of it with the greatest admiration. Under his hands the orchestra is like one body, of which he is the soul. It ought also to be mentioned that the material of the orchestra is excellent, and the conductor and players are well accustomed to each other, so that most of their performances leave little indeed to be desired. At the previous concert (December 1) Miss Fanny Davies achieved a notable success in Schumann's Concerto in A minor, a work which suits her remarkably well; and in the same concert a new overture of Dvorák, entitled "Otello," was heard for the first time. This work is the second of the three overtures (op. 91, 92, 93), which are intended by the composer to form an orchestral suite—"Nature—Love—Life." In "Otello," the composer's marked individuality becomes unusually prominent, both in the themes and in the wonderfully fresh orchestration. It is worthy of remark that one of the principal themes occurs in all three works, showing Dvorák's distinct intention to connect them by carrying one idea through all.

If Vienna has practically only one orchestra, it has certainly string-quartets enough, and three of these, the Fitzer, Rosé, and Hellmesberger quartets, are excellent. The "Böhmischer Streich-Quartett," from Prague, is, however, something quite unique amongst string-quartets. This arises partly from the exquisite exactness of their *ensemble*, but more particularly from the musical warmth and impetuosity of their performances. The programme of their last concert consisted of three quartets—Dvorák, D minor, op. 34 (dedicated to Brahms); Brahms' piano quartet, A major, op. 26; and Beethoven, C $\sharp$  minor, op. 131. The artists were at their best in the Dvorák quartet (a work of indescribable freshness and originality), which was so performed that one's attention could not but be rivetted from beginning to end. The Brahms quartet, in which the piano part was sustained by Eugen d'Albert, was also a fine performance, in which the players had full scope for warmth and tone. The great C $\sharp$  minor quartet of Beethoven received a good interpretation, especially the finale, which is indeed peculiarly adapted to display the unusual combination of qualities possessed by this quartet.

Another concert worthy of mention was that given on November 21 by Mr. Henry Such, a young English violinist, pupil of Joachim and Wilhelmj. His programme contained, one might say, the three test pieces of violinists, namely, the Beethoven and Men-

delssohn Concertos and the Bach Chaconne. In his performance of these, Mr. Such showed himself a very thorough artist, possessed of technique both solid and brilliant, of a pure intonation, and also, in a high degree, of musical understanding and feeling. His reception by a very critical audience left no doubt as to the impression he created. At a second concert he played the Brahms concerto and that of Paganini, in which, I understand, his success was quite as decided. Mr. Such will appear in London next spring, and will doubtless be quite as well received by an English audience as by a Vienna one.

On December 13 a recital was given here by Eugen d'Albert. His programme consisted of: Prelude and Fugue in D major (orgel) Bach; D'Albert, Sonata C minor, op. 111; Beethoven, Fantasie, C major, op. 17; Schumann, sonata in A flat major; Weber, Nocturne, op. 62; B major, Chopin; Don Juan Fantasie, Liszt. On this occasion d'Albert quite surpassed himself; indeed I have never heard him play so well. The audience, particularly the more musical part, was roused to the highest pitch of enthusiasm; and although, when the programme was completed, the good-humoured little pianist gave three encore pieces, the enthusiasts still insisted on his re-appearance. The hall servant shut and locked the piano, but still the clamour continued, until d'Albert once more appeared at the door of the artists' room, when he was greeted with prolonged shouts of "Bravo, d'Albert." The remainder of the audience then consented to retire, and the artist was left in peace.

In Vienna there are of course light concerts as well as serious ones, but the former generally take place in a large café or "Bierhaus." The Strauss concerts are the best of this kind. One goes there to hear the music it is true, but more especially to amuse oneself, as a German would say, "Die Stimmung ist gemüthlich." The Strauss orchestra plays music of a kind excellently, however. The celebrated Strauss waltzes and French polkas are well worth hearing, and musically very enjoyable. But the programmes sometimes afford rather bizarre contrasts, as the following shows.

### MUSIKVEREINS-SAAL.

Saison 1895-96.

Heute, Sonntag den 17 November 1895:

CONCERT VON EDUARD STRAUSS

KAISERL. UND KÖNIGL.

Hofballmusik-Director.

#### PROGRAMM:

1. Ouverture zur Oper: "Maritana" ... von Wallace.
2. Für lustige Leut', Walzer ... von Eduard Strauss.
3. Faust-Fantasie für die Violine ... von P. de Sarasate.  
(Violine: Herr Concertmeister Swedrowsky.)
4. Wiener Leben, Polka française ... von Josef Strauss.
5. Ave verum ... W. A. Mozart.  
(Für Streich-Quartett und Harfe arrangirt von Eduard Strauss.)
6. Mexikanisches Ständchen, nach einem Original-Motiv ... von Langey.  
(Orchestriert von Eduard Strauss.)
7. Neu. (1. Auf.): Introduction zum Ballet: "Amor auf Reisen" ... von Emil Berté.
8. Seid umschlungen Millionen, Walzer ... von Johann Strauss.
- PAUSE.
9. Albumblatt ... von R. Wagner.  
(Orchestriert von Eduard Strauss.)
10. Sängerkunst, Polka française ... von Johann Strauss.
11. Ungeduld (Dein ist mein Herz), Lied ... von Fr. Schubert.  
(Orchestriert von Eduard Strauss.)
12. Wer tanzt mit? Polka schnell ... von Eduard Strauss.

Beginn 5 Uhr.

Programme 10 kr.

Nächstes Concert: Sonntag den 24 November.



## Music in Newcastle.

**R**ARELY have the public of Newcastle been treated to so much music (in so short a period) as that which they have had during the first fortnight of December. There have been two ballad concerts, one orchestral concert, one organ recital, and one pianoforte recital. It is only to be hoped that there will not be a dearth now.

On 3rd December Dr. A. L. Peace, organist of Glasgow Cathedral, opened the new organ in St. Andrew's Church by giving two recitals, one at 4.30 p.m. and the other at 8. His programme at night included the following:—

1. Organ Sonata, No. 2 (D minor) ... .. W. T. Best.
2. { (a) Andante with variations } ... .. Haydn.
- { (b) Overture ... .. }
3. Rhapsodies sur des Cantiques Bretons ... .. C. Saint-Saëns.
4. Prelude and Fugue (on the name of Bach) ... .. Bach.
5. Sonata da Camera ... .. Peace.
6. { (a) Air with variations ... .. Weber.
- { (b) Marche Triomphale ("Le Retour de l'Armée") Lefebure-Wely.

Dr. Peace brought out the various combinations of the organ in a marvellous manner, and delighted all his hearers. The "Sonata da Camera" brought out the full organ in the Allegros, and the Allegretto alla Marcia produced an effect which will not readily be forgotten. The organ was built by Mr. J. J. Binns, of Bramley, near Leeds.

On the 7th December Rossini's *Stabat Mater* was given in the Town Hall by Dr. Rea's amateur vocal society. The soloists were: Madame Adelaide Mullen, Miss Emily Himing, Mr. Henry Beaumont, and Mr. Gilbert King. Madame Mullen was best in the quartet "Quando Corpus," which was the gem of the night. In the solos which fell to her, her voice seemed somewhat strained in the higher notes. Miss Himing has a splendid voice, with a good compass, and used it to the best advantage in her solo "Fac ut portem." Mr. Beaumont was in good voice, and sang "Cujus Animam" in splendid style. Mr. King was rather unfortunate. He began with "Pro Peccatis," which was well rendered, but in the recitative and chorus, "Eia Mater," the effect was rather spoiled by the chorus. The choruses were not as good as they might have been, but this was perhaps due to the fact that Dr. Huntley conducted, while the choristers were used to Dr. Rea. The last chorus, however, made up for all the preceding ones. I do not think it could have been done better. Dr. Rea was at the organ, and accompanied the whole piece with his usual skill. The second part of the concert was miscellaneous, beginning with an organ solo, played and composed by Dr. Huntley. By the way, Dr. Huntley has been appointed organist of St. Peter's, Eaton Square, London. The ladies of the vocal society gave "O Handmaids of Irene" splendidly. Songs were also sung by each of the soloists above mentioned.

On the 9th December the Northern Musicians' Benevolent Society (founded in 1890) gave their sixth annual concert in Olympia. The object of the Society is to provide a fund whereby musicians who are in need may be assisted. The orchestral programme included Schubert's overture to *Rosamunde*, E. German's "Suite for Orchestra" (D minor), Introduction to 3rd Act *Lohengrin*, Gounod's ballet music from *Reine de Saba*, and Rossini's *Semiramide* overture. The "Suite for Orchestra," which was composed specially for the Leeds Festival this year, was undoubtedly the most ambitious thing the orchestra attempted. The most popular movement was the "Valse Gracieuse," but I think the Prelude and Elegy were performed quite as well. For the Introduction to 3rd Act of *Lohengrin*, the orchestra received a well-deserved encore. Miss Gertie Smith (a young lady just in her teens), daughter of Mr. Robert Smith, bandmaster, Newcastle, played a concerto for 'cello in A minor, by Goltermann, in good style, and was greeted at the close with tremendous applause.

The vocalist was Mdlle. Zelle de Lussan, who sang "O Luce di quest'anima" (Donizetti), "Voi che Sapete" (Mozart), and "Habenera," from *Carmen* (Bizet). She met with a very cordial reception, and certainly proved herself worthy of it, being recalled again and again for each song. For "Voi che Sapete" she received an enthusiastic ovation, and repeated the song. The orchestra was conducted by Mr. J. H. Beers in a masterly manner, and he deserves great credit for having worked up his orchestra so well. Many faces, well known in musical circles in Newcastle, were seen in the orchestra, amongst them being Mr. E. J. Rogers, the conductor at the Tyne Theatre, who gave his services as a flautist. Mr. Rogers has lately performed two compositions of his own at the theatre, which were greatly appreciated. The arrangements for the concert were in the hands of Hirschmann & Co.

On December 10, the second Harrison concert took place in Olympia. The audience was neither so large nor so enthusiastic as at the first concert, but they seemed to warm up during the first part, and encores were the order of the day (or night) afterwards. The artists were:—

**Vocalists.**—Mdlle Louise Nikita, Miss Ada Crossley, Mr. Jack Robertson, and Mr. Santley.

**Instrumentalists.**—Pianoforte: Miss Pauline St. Angelo; 'Cello: Herr David Popper.

Mr. F. T. Watkis was accompanist.

The concert commenced with Rubinstein's "Andante" from sonata in D major, for 'cello and piano, which was played by Messrs. Popper and Watkis, and they were heartily applauded. Mr. Robertson followed, and sang "Nancy" (Molloy) with good effect. His other song was "Ailsa Mine" (Newton), for which he was encored, giving us Sullivan's "I was a pale young curate then" from *The Sorcerer*. Mdlle. Nikita sang "Ernani Invola mi" (Verdi), and received quite an ovation. This is her first appearance on a Newcastle platform, but not, I hope, the last. She also sang "Memories" (M. le Roy), and a vocal waltz by Arditi, "Day Dawn," giving "Come back to Erin" and "The Last Rose of Summer" as encores. The two last-named songs took splendidly in the gallery. Mr. Santley, who was received with a perfect storm of applause, sang "Honour and Arms" (Handel), also "For ever and for ever" (Tosti), and, as an encore, the favourite "Simon the Cellarer." Miss Ada Crossley followed, singing Mozart's "L'addio," and she also sang "Sunshine and Rain" (Blumenthal), for which she was encored. Herr Popper played an "Aria" (Bach), and a "Toccata" of his own, which was splendid. In the encore he displayed wonderful technical power and ability. He also played, as a duet with Miss St. Angelo, Mendelssohn's "Scherzo" from sonata in D major. Miss St. Angelo gave "La Campanella" (Liszt), and "Staccato Study" (Rubinstein) in fine style, receiving an encore for the last-named. The concert concluded with a duet sung by Miss Crossley and Mr. Robertson, "Ai nostri monti" from *Il Trovatore*. Mr. Watkis was all that could be desired as accompanist.

On the 11th December, Herr Rosenthal gave a recital in the Town Hall before a very small but enthusiastic audience. His programme was:—

1. Sonata, op. 57 (Appassionata) ... .. Beethoven.
2. Auferderung zum Tanz ... .. Weber.
- Variationen (Paganini) ... .. Brahms.
3. Prelude, Ballade, Mazurka, and Valse ... .. Chopin.
- Lindenbaum ... .. Schubert—Liszt.
- Si oiseau j'étais ... .. Hensell.
- Melodies Polonaises ... .. Chopin—Liszt.
4. Fantaisie (La Muette de Portici) ... .. Liszt.

His rendering of the "Appassionata" Sonata was classical in the extreme, and was splendid, while his technical ability was reserved for the variations (Brahms) and Liszt's "Fantasie." The rapidity of his octave playing was marvellous, and the audience, roused out of concert-room propriety, cheered him vociferously. He overcomes all difficulties with ease, and is certainly one of the first pianists of the day. It has been claimed that he is better than Sauer, Stavenhagen, and even Paderewski himself. I am

certain that, if he visits Newcastle again, the Hall, instead of being only about one-third full, will be overflowing. He was encored several times, and responded, giving, as a finale, Mendelssohn's "Spinnlied."

OCTAVIUS.

## Music in Exeter.

THE period which has elapsed since my last notes has been more than usually interesting musically. The annual concerts associated with the name of Mr. Farley Sinkins were the best heard here for a considerable time. There was a good audience afternoon and evening. The concert party was a powerful one, including Madame Marie Duma, Miss Clara Butt, Miss Florence Daly, Miss Stella Fraser, Mr. Braxton Smith, Signor Foli, Mr. Spencer Lorraine, Señor Rubio, and Mons. Della Sudda. The programmes were excellently arranged, and were noteworthy for the absence of hackneyed numbers. Signor Foli had an especially hearty reception. He was in fine voice, and delighted his hearers. Encores were numerous, but in only one or two instances were responded to. At the evening concert encores were carried to an extreme. The artists stood it for a time, and then declined to be further imposed upon. An incident of the morning concert was the fact of Miss Clara Butt having to appear in evening dress, her box having been lost *en route*. At the evening concert a well-earned tribute was paid to Mr. Norman Kendall (of Exeter Cathedral, who joined with Mr. Sinkins in bringing the party to Exeter), who gave a fine rendering of "The Vulcan Song."

At the annual meeting of the Diocesan Choral Association at the Chapter House, Archdeacon Seymour presided in the absence of the president, the Dean of Exeter Dr. Cowie. The committee in their report were pleased to be able to announce the continued success of their efforts for the improvement of the singing in the parish churches. The festival of parish choirs held in the cathedral in July was a most successful gathering. The number of singers (1,090) was the largest that had yet attended from any Archdeaconry. The service itself was a grand success, the rendering of the music being both excellent and hearty. Since the formation of the Association in 1887 no less than 39,000 books had been published, and the Association was now in touch with about 4,000 singers. Thus the Association was definitely raising the quality, tone, and character of the service music of the Church in the diocese. The financial statement showed a balance in hand. Archdeacon Seymour remarked that he had been struck with the advance made in the diocese in the singing. A complaint had been made by some country choirs that the music had been very difficult, but it was a matter for congratulation that they had acquitted themselves in a most creditable manner. It was decided that the choral festival for 1896 be held in the cathedral. It was also resolved to make inquiries as to the possibility of a Gregorian festival being held in the cathedral in 1897, and as to whether the choirs of the whole diocese could not be present.

Signora Teresa Tosti, a contralto of European renown, and Herr Rudolf Panzer, a brilliant pianist, gave two concerts at the Royal Public Rooms, and must have been gratified both at the attendance and the enthusiastic approval of the high executive skill shown. If there were any cause for complaint it was again at the number of recalls.

The series of invitation concerts has commenced, and Mrs. Barton Land is, as usual, in the front. Her concert an evening or two since was a really enjoyable entertainment. If any fault could be found at all, it could only be at the length of the programme, though the crowded audience certainly showed not the slightest symptom of weariness—rather the reverse. Mrs. Barton Land delighted her hearers with two or three numbers played in the brilliant manner familiar to those who were acquainted with the much more than local renown won by that lady a few years since as Miss Jessie Ross.

The weekly promenade concerts given at Victoria Hall by the 1st R.V. and City Band are drawing well. The programmes are more attractive than usual, probably due to the fact that the military element is not quite so prominent in the character of the music, a little more attention being given to the light operatic side.

The Orchestral Society's first concert for the season was a great success musically. Owing to the hostile attitude, however, of certain of the officials towards the Press, no notice of the concert has appeared in any of the local papers. This is very short-sighted policy on the part of the Society, and one which can do it no good.

The popular Oratorio Society gave their annual Christmas performance on Tuesday, December 17. Handel's *Messiah* was as usual the work chosen. There was the customary crowded attendance. The soloists were Miss Medora Henson, soprano; Miss Marie Hooton, contralto; Mr. S. Masters, tenor; Mr. C. Ackerman, bass. The band and chorus were at full strength, and Mr. Arthur Smith was secured for the trumpet obligatos. The performance was a fine one in every way, worthy of the reputation of the Society, and doing full credit to the skilful training of the conductor, Mr. G. W. Lyon. At the close of the full rehearsal of the oratorio on the previous night an interesting event occurred. Mr. J. D. Hellier, who had been for seven years Hon. Sec. of the Society, and who had recently resigned the post, was presented with an illuminated address and a purse of sovereigns in appreciation of his services to the Society. The presentation was made on behalf of the subscribers by the President of the Society (Mr. H. M. Imbert-Terry, J.P.), who remarked that it was largely owing to Mr. Hellier's services in the capacity of Hon. Sec. that the concerts of late years had been such a marked success. Mr. Hellier replied suitably. Though he quitted the secretaryship, he hoped in another capacity to do what he could to advance the interests of the Society.

W. C.

## Music in Glasgow.

OUR season is now in full swing, and the Scottish Orchestra, under the direction of Mr. William Kes, monopolise attention. The new conductor is establishing a good reputation as a careful and painstaking *chef*. His forte seems to be neat, crisp playing, with very much subdued piano effects, perhaps a little too much of the latter. The programmes at classical concerts on Tuesdays are lighter than in former years and more appreciated. Of late we have had Mdme. Teresa Carreno, who played Grieg's Pianoforte Concerto in A minor. Herr Rosenthal made his first appearance here with the S.O.C. on December 11. He played a concerto of Chopin's which did not serve to show the phenomenal ability he is credited with. However in the second part, with Liszt's transcription of *Masaniello*, the audience were able to see and hear for themselves, and he received quite an ovation. The band played Tchaikowsky's Symphony No. 4, and *Der Freischütz* Overture. The popular concerts on Saturday evenings are drawing crowds. On Saturday last the C minor of Beethoven was in the programme, and Mr. Hedmond was vocalist. On November 25, in Queen's Rooms, Señor Sarasate and Mdme. Bertha Marx gave a piano and violin recital, which was well attended. There was nothing new in the programme, unless it be the Second Sonata in A major by J. S. Bach. The virtuoso also gave a Zortzico of his own for the first time; Mdme. Marx gave items from Chopin and Liszt.

On December 6, in St. Andrew's Hall, Messrs. Harrison gave a subscription ballad concert. Mdme. Nikita, Miss Ada Crossley, Mr. Santley, and Herr Popper were the chief attraction. The programme was of the usual kind associated with these concerts, and does not call for special remark, and was evidently much appreciated by a large audience.



## Music in Dundee.

**T**HERE have been so many concerts, musical lectures, recitals, etc., etc., during the past three months, that one is truly at a loss to know to what special functions to call your readers' attention.

Perhaps the two concerts which stand out most brilliantly from the crowd of entertainments which have flooded the land, were Madame Albani and party's ballad concert and the First Orchestral concert, both under the direction of Messrs. Paterson, Sons & Co.

The Albani concert was an ideal ballad concert. Splendid singers; no royalty songs; capital renderings of what was sung and played; and a hearty audience. With artists like Albani—most genial of prima donnas—Clara Butt, Norman Salmond, Hollman, Wolff, and Pugno, what wonder that an evening "mid the purer air" was spent.

The First Orchestral concert had been looked forward to for long. It introduced to us Herr Kes, the new conductor of the Scottish orchestra. In him Mr. Henschel has a worthy successor and Scotland an able conductor. He has readings of his own of several familiar works, such as Beethoven's Seventh Symphony, and as these readings are not merely vagaries in expression and tempi, they are well worthy of attention from both students and professionals, especially from the latter class, among whom every time-beater thinks himself a conductor. Andrew Black was vocalist, and sang, among other pieces, Henschel's *Young Dietrich*, a grand piece of work, with an elaborate orchestral accompaniment.

Of purely local doings, one event certainly deserves mention, and that is the appearance at a series of musical lectures of Mr. A. M. Stooles, the deservedly popular teacher of the violin. Without fee or remuneration of any sort he played on four different occasions with extreme taste, purity of tone, and musicianly finish. Now-a-days when so many musicians will do little or nothing to aid the cause of art without being paid for it, Mr. Stooles' generous, whole-hearted, and graciously-given aid was much valued. Musical Dundee should be very proud that so large-minded and withal cultured a professional gentleman is amongst them.

A CORRESPONDENT.

## Music in North Staffordshire.

(FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.)

**A** HAPPY New Year to all my readers. May you long be spared to enjoy such comforts of life as are to be found in North Staffordshire, and may the year 1896 see many musical successes in our midst. Having addressed my readers thus, I will proceed, though not without some reluctance, to briefly record the doings in our musical circle during the last month of last year. It seems rather late in the day to record in one year events that occurred in the year previous, but still this is the result of fast living. Lovers of music have by no means been forgotten in the district of late, and the attendance at the various high-class concerts goes to show that the working classes are appreciating music more than they have done hitherto.

The Town Hall, Longton, was well filled when the first of a number of concerts arranged by Mr. E. H. Bloor was given. To this gentleman is a great debt of gratitude due for his sense of the town's sorely felt want in the way of really first-class entertainments; and it is indeed gratifying to note that his efforts have been so generously supported by the patronage of upwards of a hundred subscribers, including the Mayor and Mayoress of the borough,

His and Her Graces the Duke and Duchess of Sutherland. The programme was as under:—

PART I.			
Violin and pianoforte	{ Love Duets Allegro di bravura From Gipsy suite		German.
Song ... ..	"Lungi dal cors bene"		Secchi.
Song ... ..	Mr. Franklin Clive. "A Summer Night"		G. Thomas.
Recitative and aria	{ "Deeper and Deeper Still" "Waft her Angels"		Handel.
Song ... ..	Mr. Iver McKay. "Spring"		Henschel.
Duet ... ..	Miss Annie Marriott. "Love and War"		Cooke.
Violin solo	{ a. "A Shepherd Dance" b. "Mazurka"		Germans. Wieniawski.
Song ... ..	"This Green Lane"		E. Cooke.
Quartet ... ..	Miss Ethel Bevans. "Un di si ben"		Verdi.
Miss Marriott, Miss Bevans, Mr. McKay, and Mr. Clive.			

PART II.			
Violin solo	"Scotch Fantasia"		Haackmann.
Song ... ..	Miss Adelina Dinelli. "The Raft"		Pinsuti.
Hunting song ...	Miss Annie Marriott. "Tally Ho"		A. H. Miles.
Pianoforte solo	Mr. Franklin Clive. "Scherzo Menuetto" (op. 31, No. 3)		Beethoven.
Song ... ..	Mr. E. H. Bloor. "Dear Heart"		Tito Mattei.
Duet ... ..	Mr. Iver McKay. "It was a Lover and his Lass"		Waltzew.
Song ... ..	Miss E. Bevans and Mr. F. Clive. "The Jewel Song" ( <i>Faust</i> )		Gounod.
Song ... ..	Miss Annie Marriott. "The McGregor's Gathering"		Lee.
Quartet ... ..	Mr. Iver McKay. "A Rivederle"		Pinsuti.
Miss A. Marriott, Miss E. Bevans, Mr. Iver McKay, and Mr. F. Clive.			

Unfortunately, at the last moment, Miss Ethel Bevans was prevented from appearing, but an excellent substitute was found in Miss Jessie King, of the Cheltenham and Gloucester Festivals. The programme, as will be seen, was one of a classical nature, and opened with the violin and pianoforte duet, "Allegro di bravura," given in a most pleasing manner, and this was followed by a song, Mr. Franklin Clive giving "Lungi dal cors bene." The rendering was very effective, and called to mind the time when some of Secchi's songs were given at the Victoria Hall some three years ago. In reply to an *encore*, he gave "Father O'Flynn." Miss King's voice was at its best, and her enunciations of "A Summer Night," and her *encore* selection, "The Cradle Song," were little less than perfect. "This Green Lane," by the same artist, was none the less well given. In spite of adverse circumstances, Mr. McKay acquitted himself well, and Miss Marriott fairly captivated her hearers in her selections. The ever-popular Jewel Song from Gounod's *Faust* was her best item, and in this she displayed the masterly style frequently noticed by its absence, even amongst the greatest of our soloists. Mr. E. H. Bloor's selections on the pianoforte were given with skill, and it is to be hoped that the series of subscription concerts will be a great success.

On November 21, the members of the North Staffordshire Philharmonic Society gave a performance of Mendelssohn's *Elijah* in the Victoria Hall, Hanley. The audience was a fairly large one, and, taking the performance all round, it was one of the best, if not the best, given by the Society. As principals, the committee engaged the following artists: Miss Beatrice Gough (soprano), Miss Marie Hooton (contralto), Mr. W. Molineaux (tenor), and Mr. Ffrangcon Davies (baritone). Besides these, all the local artists appeared, and altogether Dr. Heap conducted about three hundred and fifty voices. In this column it is not necessary for me to enter into detail with regard to the different choral numbers.

But, nevertheless, it would be wrong to say that they were rendered in a perfect manner. Of course the principal fault to be found was the want of a more general capacity to follow the beats of the talented conductor. Still, the dramatic numbers were rendered in an altogether impressive manner, and this reflected infinite credit upon both choir and conductor. The effects of the bass were heard to splendid advantage in the number, "Then did Elijah," and the soprano and tenor leads in "Now he Sleepeth," were decidedly excellent, the quality of both being charming. Perhaps in the part of the Prophet, Mr. F. Davies hardly appeared up to his former standard. But yet his highly cultivated voice in such numbers as "It is enough," and the final air of *Elijah* could not have been surpassed. Of many of the other items, he gave noble versions, and his reception was indeed gratifying. Miss Gough's fine voice was at its best, and particularly did she shine in the Hebrew duet, "Lord, bow Thine Ear." Mr. Molineaux gave his part in a commendable manner, and Miss Marie Hooton gained considerable applause for the items she rendered.

The accompaniments to the solo voices and quartets were very effective, and the obligato passages have not often been excelled in the hall. Mr. W. Sherratt officiated at the organ, and added greatly to the success of the performance. Of late, the members of the Society have largely increased, and at the present time the Society ranks as one of the largest and best of its kind in the northern part of the country.

The third of this season's Meakin Popular Concerts came to a successful issue on December 2. The programme provided was not one whit below those previously given this season, and the artists were Miss Thudichum, The Westminster Singers, and Dr. Peace, the well-known organist of the Glasgow Cathedral. The glee singers (Messrs. W. Coward, Charles Ackerman, H. Kearton, and W. H. Brereton) had not been heard in the locality previously, but their reputation individually was great, and certainly they did not belittle it. Miss Thudichum had also not been heard in the district before. This artist, as some of my readers are perhaps unaware, was one of the *prime donne* of the Royal English Opera Company; and during the short experience of the ill-fated combination, she gained the distinction which is now recognised in her—a distinction as one of the most brilliant students of our senior national training institution. Her voice is one of unusual quality and range, and her phrasing is admirable. She first gave a comparatively little known reverie of Francisco Schira in Italian, and this was followed by other items equally well rendered, and equally well received. Her powers of expression were shown especially in the song, "Orpheus with His Lute," and as an encore she had to give "On the Banks of Allan Water." Spohr's always welcome, beautifully melodious song, "Rose Softly Blooming," was also given by the same artist. The Westminster Glee Party is composed of singers of established reputation, all well-known from their association with the world-famed Abbey Choir. They first delighted with the madrigal, "Come, let us Join Our Roundelay," which was given with real tone of beauty and blend of voice. The audience were enraptured, and demanded an *encore*, the *bis* being a harmonised version of "The Meeting of the Waters." Later in the evening the party gave "The Goslings," "Thuringien Volkslied," "The German Band," "Simple Simon," and the vocal valse, "Breeze of the Night," all of which were given with exquisite taste. Dr. Peace, during the evening's concert, contributed the overture to *Tancredi*, J. S. Bach's famous toccata and fugue in F major, a sonata da camera in C minor (No. 2) from his own works, Sir Julius Benedict's variations on the air, "Where the Bee Sucks," and a triumphal march, "The Return of the Army," by the French organist, Lefebure Wely. In response to a well-merited *encore*, Dr. Peace gave an improvisation on the well-known airs, "Within a Mile," and "Scots wha' hae." The organist's account of his own work may here be given, as it perhaps may in time possess historical significance:—

Sonata da Camera in C Minor (No. 2) ... .. A. L. Peace.  
Allegro con fuoco—Allegretto alla Marcia—Allegro con brio.

A "Sonata da Camera" may be described as a piece of music intended for the chamber or the concert-room, in contradistinction to those compositions for church use. The term "Sonata da Camera" was in common use among composers of chamber music in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries; but this is the first instance of its application to compositions for the organ, so far as the writer is aware.

Before concluding my notice, I should just like as briefly as possible to refer to the performance on the 13th ult. of *The Messiah*, given in the Victoria Hall, Hanley, by the Hanley Glee and Madrigal Society. The chorus was strong, and was conducted by Mr. James Garner, who as a conductor possesses sterling ability and more than ordinary musical instinct and insight. On the whole the performance was brilliant, and no fault could be found in the chorus. The parts were well balanced, and the general treatment was full of life and vivacity, without lacking anything in feeling. The wonderful grandeur of the "Hallelujah" chorus, so aptly described as a transcendent hymn of praise, was felt to the full by the vast audience, who stood in silence during its rendition. The writer has seldom heard the magnificent chorus more powerfully and perfectly executed than on this occasion. The other numbers were all well given.

Turning to the principals, there is nothing but praise to bestow on Madame Fanny Moody, Miss Ransome, Mr. Edward Lloyd, and Mr. Charles Manners. I have never heard Miss Fanny Moody in better voice, notwithstanding the fact that she appeared under difficulties which have shaken the confidence of many singers. She sang with wonderful feeling, and the clear, bell-like tone, which is the chief charm of her voice, rang forth in melodious waves that seemed to melt on the ear. The air, "Come unto Him," was a marvel of pastoral loveliness, and the beautiful air, "I know that my Redeemer Liveth," was enchanting in its rendition. Mr. Edward Lloyd needs no commendation, for he stands amongst the foremost tenor artists of the present day. The opening recitative, "Comfort Ye," was superbly sung, and in the short cavatina, "Behold, and See," the great singer made the music breathe the pathos of the words. Undoubtedly the greatest success of the evening was achieved by Mr. C. Manners, who sang grandly in some of the later bass solos, and "Why do the Nations?" was distinctly his finest effort. Miss Ransome's pure and flexible voice was delightfully heard in some of the numbers, and this artist put a wealth of expression into the intensely mournful air, "He was Despised."

At an early date the Society are to give the oratorio, *Israel in Egypt*.

On the 12th ultimo, the Longton Choral Society gave, before a large audience at the Town Hall, Longton, Handel's *Alexander's Feast*, and Mendelssohn's *Hear my Prayer*. The same Society has at different times rendered many oratorios, but there is not the slightest doubt that the pieces selected for that evening had not been heard to better advantage in the town before, and it is a pity that, from a financial point of view, the concert was a failure. The Society were fortunate in securing the services of Miss Emily Davies (soprano), Miss Jessie King (contralto), Mr. Gawthorp (tenor), and Mr. W. H. Burgon (bass), all of whom were in the best voice. Miss Jessie King's rendering of "Gleaners' Slumbering Song," was given with much pathos and tenderness, and had to submit to an enthusiastic *encore*. Mr. Burgon also received a like compliment for his rendering of "The Deathless Army." Miss Davies acquitted herself creditably in the parts allotted to her, and having, as she had, a large amount of work to do in *Alexander's Feast*, soon became an established favourite. Her voice—clear and flexible—was successful in giving the items in the ode in a most charming manner. The band, under the leadership of Mr. C. Shenton, did themselves credit, and the conductor of the Society and the committee may be satisfied that their last performance was the best, although financially a failure.

A. LIDGITT.





## ❧ The Academies. ❧

### LONDON ACADEMY OF MUSIC.

ON the afternoon of December 9 last, a student's concert was given in the minor hall of the Academy. The opening piece was the "Sonata in A major" (Kreutzer), for piano-forte and violin, by Beethoven, Miss Mary Rogers taking the piano, and Miss Fanny Darling-Jacobs the violin. The execution of the "Sonata" could do no other than reflect great credit on both performers, especially the violinist; but at the same time, both would do well if they would guard against playing too mechanical, that is, save the time a little at the cadences, and not bring them to such an abrupt finish. Miss Alice Maud Scott sang "Ave Maria" (Macheroni); Weber's "Concertstücke" for the piano, was played by Miss Edith Varley; an Old French song, entitled "Le Portrait," was sung by Madame E. Louis, and "Where the bee sucks" (Sullivan) by Miss Mary Watson. Miss Maude Smithers, a very young and talented pianist, who has appeared before the public in St. George's Hall, Langham Place, gave a very good performance of a "Pastorale and Capriccio" by Scarlatti. Miss Lily Bontroy, a vivacious young lady, sung "Preciosita," by Lisa Darisi in a very lively, nevertheless pleasing, fashion. A "Romance" and "Scherzo" by Van Goens, was charmingly played by Miss F. Meiter on the violin, getting the lower notes with a splendid mellow tone, and the high notes very sweet. L. Denza's song, "A May Morning," was exceedingly well sung, with the exception of the last note, which, being very high, she shut her mouth on, thereby causing a very bad finish to a song that would have been one of the best items of the programme. I might add, the singer of this, Miss Beatrice Batchelor, has a very fine voice, if she will only combine perseverance and care with practice. "The Devout Lover," by M. Valerie White, was given by Mr. Walter George, which was all the more acceptable, as he was the only male vocalist on the programme. The "Jewel Song," from Gounod's *Faust*, sung by Miss Constance Leslie, was really the best song of the afternoon. Miss Daisy Hawes played Handel's "Sonata in A major" for violin; Miss Mabel South sang "Ouvrez! ouvrez! c'est nous" (J. Dessauer); "Melody," by P. Pitt, and "Au Rouet," by Godard for piano was played by Miss Rose Kindred, who afterwards, in conjunction with Miss Jessie Peake, gave a performance of a "Tarantella" by Rubinstein, the upper part being splendidly rendered by the last-named young lady. Miss Daisy Irvine sang "Nuit resplendissante" (*Cinq Mars*) by Gounod.

### GUILDHALL SCHOOL OF MUSIC.

America, as probably all my readers will know, is a *big* tract of land, a few miles north-west of the English Channel. (I hope you will pardon any slight geographical mistakes I might make.) Yankees are, as a rule, *big* of stature, *big* in their own estimation, can pour forth into your ears the *biggest* of lies, can place before the public the *biggest* shows and exhibitions, and, as I am just to all men, I am bound to say, they have the honour of being the *biggest* set of fools in creation. Whether the above school is tainted, even in the slightest degree with that beastly Americanism, I cannot exactly say. But of the following, I am absolutely certain. It claims to be the *biggest* School of Music in the world; its principal, if not the *biggest* man, is certainly one of fair dimensions (not that I mean that Sir Joseph is an American—he might be an Irishman, or even a Chinaman), and the School, or rather the students, perform *big* works. As space will not admit of my writing about the three articles mentioned above, my readers must be satisfied with the last and most important item.

This was a fairly good interpretation of Mendelssohn's *Elijah* given at the large Queen's Hall, on Thursday evening, December

5, by the students of the Guildhall School of Music. The building was crowded to excess, both upstairs and down, with quite a respectable audience. The list of soloists is quite a formidable one, as the following will show:—

*Sopranos*: Miss Maude Ballard, A.G.S.M., Miss Evelyn Ogle, Miss Louie Bonham, and Miss Blanche Stone. *Contraltos*: Miss Florence Oliver, Miss Maude Robertson, Miss Annie Northcroft, Miss Laura Pearson, and Miss Annie Stone. *Tenors*: Mr. Frederick Williams, Mr. Ernest Burry, and Mr. Frank Lucas. *Baritones*: Mr. Tom Powley, Mr. Leland Langley, and Mr. Robert Grier. The whole of the above-mentioned artists rendered their respective parts in a very creditable manner. But special mention should be made of Miss Maude Ballard, who sang the opening piece of Part II., "Hear ye, Israel," in a way, that I am forced to admit, I cannot form words to describe. Suffice it to say, it was the best solo of the evening. Also, Miss Blanche Stone, who took the part of *The Youth*, and Miss Maude Robertson for her pathetically sweet rendering of the air, "O rest in the Lord." In the first part of the Oratorio, *Elijah* was taken by Mr. Tom Powley, a very fine singer, but one that did not impress you with his boldness, as one would expect from the prophet *Elijah*. The orchestra, which was of very fair strength, took up their respective parts with an exactness rarely to be found in an orchestra of its kind. Of course, it being under the supervision of Sir Joseph Barnby, may account for this; but it did not do the same for the chorus, which had to be dragged along by its conductor, by means of that awful tap-tap-tapping of the bâton upon the stand. Nevertheless, with all its faults and failings, several really good choruses were sung, including, "Thanks be to God! He laveth the thirsty land!" which in some measure recompensed us for the annoyance we had suffered by that falling of Sir Joseph Barnby's to which I have just alluded.

### LONDON ORGAN SCHOOL.

On entering the Queen's Hall on the evening of December 12 last, I was somewhat startled—as my thoughts were not at that moment with programme-sellers and the like—by hearing a voice exclaim at that part commonly known as the *funny-bone*, "Book of words, sixpence!" At those awful words, I turned round abruptly, and in doing so, nearly upset the speaker's equilibrium (and for which accident I tendered him my humblest apology), at the same time diving my hand into my pocket for the desired coin, when he dumbfounded me by the following sentence. "It is for a charity, so you can 'dub' up what you like." Whether it was the man's audacity, or that I did not fully comprehend the meaning of the word "dub," I cannot distinctly remember; but I could do nothing but hand him the coin, receive the book, and gaze abstractedly at the image before me, which gradually disappeared, until, when I came to my right senses, I found he was nowhere to be seen, so I quietly took my seat, and composed myself to listen to that which I had come so far to hear, viz., a benefit concert, given by the London Organ School, in aid of the Ogle Street Schools. The first item on the programme was an overture, "Ruy Blas" (Mendelssohn) by the School Orchestra, which was several degrees below zero, and one would not be surprised, had they seen Dr. G. S. Bennett acting the part of conductor. But the second item fully compensated for the inefficiency of the orchestra and its leader. This was, I might say, an almost perfect rendering of a "Polonaise" (Wieniawski), by that youthful, and not ordinary, but specially talented violinist, Mr. Isidor Schwiller. Then followed a long pause in the proceedings. Mr. Wharton Wells, who was to have played the organ accompaniment to the next song, "Saved by a Child," by Piccolomini, and sung by Mr. Iver McKay, seated

himself at the organ, arranged his stops, and sat swinging his legs, patiently awaiting the arrival of Mr. McKay. But that gentleman, in company of several others, was first talking with gusto, running from the end of the platform into the artist's room and then down into the hall. But still Mr. Wells sat patiently on. Finally, the light was seen to go out in the organ loft, and after a pause of simply five or ten minutes, they both came on in an awful hurry, and Mr. Wells played the piano. Still the song was a grand success. The next was a song sung by Madame De Fonblanque, entitled, "Dolce un Pensier," which was accompanied by the composer, Fanny Puzzi, about which I think I shall hold my peace. Miss Evans, another student worth notice, played the last movement of Mendelssohn's pianoforte "Concerto in G minor" splendidly. The singing of Mozart's "Voi che Sapete" (*Le Nozze di Figaro*) was at least commendable. The recitations, "The First Quarrel" (Tennyson), and "Soul Music" (Whyte Melville), were contributed by Miss Warbeck, Mr. W. Wells playing an organ accompaniment to the latter piece. The School Orchestra again appealed in vain to the innermost soul of the audience by the performance of selections from Rubinstein's "Bal Costumé." Mr. Broughton Black sang "Thou'rt Passing Hence" (Sullivan), and Miss Foxcroft "The Better Land" (Cowen). The London Organ School Select Choir, which was however decently conducted by Mr. W. Mackway, sang a Madrigal by Beale, and two choruses, one by Eaton Faning, and the other by W. Macfarlane. Cowen's "Love in a Meadow" was given by Mdme. De Fonblanque, and "Bygones," by Mr. McKay. Then came the item that I had languished for. Miss Edroff, that splendid lady-organist, also a student of the school, played a "Toccata in G" by Dubois, in a way that, to say the least, showed the great skill and the mastery she had acquired over the instrument. Two recitations then followed, "The Building of St. Sophia," by Baring Gould, and "Squire Cass' Christmas," by George Eliot, which was rather humorous at first, but afterwards got ridiculous, and at the conclusion of which I gaped twice in five minutes, which is a sure sign that it is time for me to retire; so I took the hint, and arose and went hence.

#### TRINITY COLLEGE, LONDON.

"Monkey Brand" Soap leaves a good impression behind. At least so says the advertisement. On December 17, 1895, I was fortunate enough to have two such impressions. It was at a concert given by the students of the above college. The first impression was that this college can sometimes give some very decent concerts. The second was not of such a pleasing nature. This was a by no means small patch of whitewash which had somehow got translated from the wall of the concert-room to the back of my coat. The chief items of the concert were a fine organ solo by Miss Edith Idle; a violin solo by Master Sydney J. Faulks, violoncello by Miss Edith J. Evans; trio for violin, violoncello, and pianoforte, by Miss Lily Evans, Miss Edith Evans, and Miss Annie Parsons, and a song by Miss Alice Macfarlane. The programme also included songs by Miss Suzanne Stokvis, Miss Bessie Pridham, Mr. Richard Tate, and Mr. Ernest A. Thiel. The concert was brought to a conclusion by the vocal quartet "Good-night" by the Misses Janie Bridges and A. Macfarlane and the Messrs. R. F. Tate and E. A. Thiel.

#### ROYAL ACADEMY OF MUSIC.

The Sainton Dolby Prize, which was competed for on December 7, was awarded to Miss Amy Sargent. The examiners, Mrs. Katherine Fisk, Mdle. Agnes Jansen, and David Bispham, highly commended Sarah A. Gomersall, Clara Williams, and May John.

The Heathcote Long Prize, competed for on the same date, was awarded to Claude Frederic Pollard. The examiners were Messrs. Graham P. Moore and Charles F. Reddie.

The Bonamy Dobree Prize, competed for on December 9, was awarded to Miss Audrey E. Chapman. The examiners, Messrs. W. H. Squire, William C. Hann, and J. Edward Hambleton (chairman), highly commended Dezzo-Kordy and Alfred H. Eainshaw.

## Music in Brixton.

—:o:—

ON the 7th ultimo Miss Ada Browne gave a concert at Brixton Hall, the principal attraction being Mr. W. H. Squire, the well-known violoncellist, who gave his audience pleasing, if not classical music in his finished style and brilliant execution. Miss Mary Chatterton too charmed us by her skilful handling of the harp, reminding some of us of the days of old, when harp music was more in vogue than now. Mr. Franklin Clive gave us songs sentimental, sad, and merry. The Euterpean Vocal Quartet sang in such excellent time, tune, and spirit, that we would fain have heard their rendering of better music than they vouchsafed on this occasion, entertaining as it was. Lastly, the fair concert-giver was heard in two beautiful contralto songs, and two "encores." Her taste in selection is excellent, and her voice unquestionably fine, but we think she might advantageously cultivate a more consistently English pronunciation and better management of the breath. The entertainment must be considered thoroughly successful, as almost everything was persistently encored, and yet kept within reasonable limits of time.



## Last Month's Music Supplement.

—:o:—

BY an oversight, the proofs of two songs and a carol by R. R. Terry went to press uncorrected. Appended are the errata:—

- (1) In the carol, bars 5 and 15 should respectively read:—



- (2) In the song, "Those Azure Eyes," bar 6, treble, should read:—



and the phrase, "cannot speak nor more," should be "speak nor move."

- (3) In the song, "The Wild Rose," bar 19, treble, should read:—



and bar 23, treble, should be:—



while in verse 3 the first word should be "Thoughtlessly," and the 17th word "he." Also in verse 2 the word printed "beshowing" should be "bestowing."





# THE SILVER CHIMES.

## POLKA.

Composed by Frank Butler.

Polka.

PIANO.

The musical score is written for piano and consists of four systems of music. The first system includes a treble and bass staff with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a 2/4 time signature. It features a piano (*p*) dynamic, a crescendo (*cresc.*) marking, and a forte (*f*) dynamic. The subsequent three systems continue the melody and accompaniment. The score is printed on aged paper with a faint circular stamp at the bottom center.





Trio.

First system of musical notation for the Trio section. It consists of a grand staff with a treble and bass clef. The music begins with a forte (*f*) dynamic, followed by a piano (*p*) dynamic, and then returns to forte (*f*). The melody is in the treble clef, and the bass clef provides harmonic support.

Second system of musical notation for the Trio section. It continues the melody and harmony from the first system. The dynamics are piano (*p*), forte (*f*), and piano (*p*).

Third system of musical notation for the Trio section. The melody and harmony continue. The dynamics are forte (*f*) and piano (*p*).

Fourth system of musical notation for the Trio section. It begins with a scherzo (*schers.*) marking and a pianissimo (*pp*) dynamic, followed by a crescendo (*cresc.*). The system concludes with a forte (*f*) dynamic and the instruction *con fuoco*.

Fifth system of musical notation for the Trio section. It begins with a scherzo (*schers.*) marking and a pianissimo (*pp*) dynamic, followed by a crescendo (*cresc.*). The system concludes with a forte (*f*) dynamic and the instruction *con fuoco*.

Sixth system of musical notation for the Trio section. It begins with a forte (*f*) dynamic, followed by a fortissimo (*ff*) dynamic, and then returns to forte (*f*). The melody is in the treble clef, and the bass clef provides harmonic support.







# SONATE

Op. 53.

Dem Grafen von Waldstein gewidmet

*Allegro con brio.*

The musical score is written for piano and consists of 12 measures. The right hand (treble clef) features a melodic line with various ornaments and trills, while the left hand (bass clef) provides a steady accompaniment of eighth notes. The tempo is marked 'Allegro con brio.' and the dynamics range from piano (pp) to forte (f). The score includes instructions for crescendo (cresc.) and decrescendo (decresc.), as well as a 'dim. più' marking. The piece concludes with a final chord.



decresc.

dolce e molto legato

cresc.

dolce

cresc.

cresc.

decresc.

cresc.

Handwritten musical score for piano, consisting of eight systems of staves. The notation includes treble and bass clefs, key signatures (one sharp and one flat), and various musical notations such as notes, rests, and dynamic markings.

Key markings and dynamics include:

- sf* (sforzando)
- f* (forte)
- p* (piano)
- pp* (pianissimo)
- cresc.* (crescendo)
- decresc.* (decrescendo)

The score features complex rhythmic patterns, including triplets and sixteenth notes, and includes fingerings (e.g., 1, 2, 3, 4, 5) and articulation marks (e.g., accents, slurs). The piece concludes with a double bar line and repeat signs.





Handwritten musical score on eight systems of grand staves. The notation includes treble and bass clefs, key signatures with flats, and various musical symbols such as notes, rests, and dynamic markings.

Key markings include *cresc.* (crescendo) and *pp* (pianissimo).

The score features complex rhythmic patterns, including triplets and sixteenth notes, and includes fingerings indicated by numbers 1-5.

Handwritten musical score for piano, consisting of eight systems of staves. The notation includes complex rhythmic patterns, dynamic markings, and articulation.

Key markings and dynamics include:

- decresc.* (decrease)
- pp* (pianissimo)
- cresc.* (crescendo)
- p* (piano)
- f* (forte)
- f. p* (fatto piano)

The score features various musical notations such as triplets, slurs, and fingerings (e.g., 1, 2, 3, 4, 5).



This image shows a page of handwritten musical notation, likely for a piano. The score is organized into eight systems, each consisting of a treble and bass staff joined by a brace. The notation includes various musical symbols such as notes, rests, and dynamic markings. The key signature is B-flat major, indicated by two flats (B-flat and E-flat) on the treble staff. The time signature is 4/4, indicated by a '4' over the first measure of the first system. The score includes several dynamic markings: *cresc.* (crescendo) appears in the first, second, and fifth systems; *pp* (pianissimo) appears in the third system; and *f* (forte) appears in the fifth system. The notation is dense, with many beamed notes and slurs, suggesting a complex and technically demanding piece. The handwriting is in dark ink on aged, slightly yellowed paper. There are some faint, illegible markings in the right margin, possibly a page number or a reference.

Handwritten musical score for piano, consisting of eight systems of staves. The notation includes treble and bass clefs, key signatures, and various musical symbols such as notes, rests, and dynamic markings.

Key markings and dynamics include:

- decreso.* (decreasing)
- pp* (pianissimo)
- cresc. poco a poco* (crescendo, little by little)
- ff* (fortissimo)

The score is written in a historical style, likely from the 18th or 19th century.





Handwritten musical score, first system. Treble and bass staves. Dynamics: *pp* (pianissimo) and *cresc.* (crescendo). Includes fingerings (1-5) and slurs.

Handwritten musical score, second system. Treble and bass staves. Dynamics: *decresc.* (decrescendo) and *pp*. Includes slurs and fingerings.

Handwritten musical score, third system. Treble and bass staves. Dynamics: *pp* and *f pp* (fortissimo pianissimo). Includes fingerings and slurs.

Handwritten musical score, fourth system. Treble and bass staves. Dynamics: *pp*. Includes fingerings and slurs.

Handwritten musical score, fifth system. Treble and bass staves. Dynamics: *pp*. Includes fingerings and slurs.

Handwritten musical score, sixth system. Treble and bass staves. Dynamics: *cresc.* and *p* (piano). Includes fingerings and slurs.

Handwritten musical score, seventh system. Treble and bass staves. Includes fingerings and slurs.

Handwritten musical score, eighth system. Treble and bass staves. Dynamics: *cresc.* and *f* (fortissimo). Includes fingerings and slurs.

Handwritten musical score for piano, consisting of eight systems of staves. The notation includes treble and bass clefs, key signatures (one sharp), and various musical markings such as *decresc.*, *cresc.*, *p*, *f*, and *dolce*. The score features complex rhythmic patterns, including triplets and sixteenth notes, and is heavily annotated with fingerings (numbers 1-5) and slurs. The manuscript is written on aged, slightly discolored paper.



This page of musical notation consists of eight systems, each with a treble and bass staff. The music is written in a 19th-century style with many slurs, ornaments, and dynamic markings. The notation is as follows:

- System 1:** Treble staff has a complex melodic line with many slurs and ornaments. Bass staff has a rhythmic accompaniment with slurs.
- System 2:** Treble staff continues the melodic line. Bass staff has a series of chords with the marking *decresc.* and *pp*. A *cresc.* marking appears in the middle of the system.
- System 3:** Treble staff has a melodic line with slurs. Bass staff has a series of chords with the marking *pp*.
- System 4:** Treble staff has a melodic line with slurs. Bass staff has a series of chords with the marking *cresc.* and *p*.
- System 5:** Treble staff has a melodic line with slurs. Bass staff has a series of chords with the marking *cresc.* and *pp*.
- System 6:** Treble staff has a melodic line with slurs. Bass staff has a series of chords with the marking *p*.
- System 7:** Treble staff has a melodic line with slurs. Bass staff has a series of chords with the marking *pp*.
- System 8:** Treble staff has a melodic line with slurs. Bass staff has a series of chords with the marking *cresc.* and *pp*.

Handwritten musical score for piano, consisting of eight systems of staves. The notation includes complex rhythmic patterns, dynamic markings, and performance instructions.

Dynamic markings and performance instructions visible include:

- pp* (pianissimo)
- cresc.* (crescendo)
- sp* (sforzando)
- p dolce* (piano dolce)
- n tempo* (allegretto)
- p* (piano)
- cresc.* (crescendo)
- ritard. cresc.* (ritardando crescendo)
- pp* (pianissimo)

The score features numerous fingerings, slurs, and articulation marks throughout the piece.



Introduzione.  
Molto adagio.

The musical score is written for piano and bass. It begins with a piano (pp) dynamic and includes several measures of music with notes and rests. The score is divided into seven systems. Key markings include *cresc.* (crescendo), *decresc.* (decrescendo), and *rinforzato* (rinf.). The piece ends with a double bar line and a fermata on the final note.

Attacca subito il Rondo:

Rondo.  
Allegretto moderato.

The musical score is written for piano and bass. The piano part is in the upper staves, and the bass part is in the lower staves. The score consists of eight systems of music. The piano part features a variety of musical notations, including eighth and sixteenth notes, rests, and dynamic markings. The bass part provides a harmonic foundation with longer note values and rests. Dynamics include *sempre pp.*, *pp*, *cresc.*, *decresc.*, *p*, and *ppnu.*. The tempo is marked *Allegretto moderato*. The key signature has one flat (B-flat). The score is a Rondo form, indicated by the title.



This image shows a page of handwritten musical notation, likely for a piano piece. The notation is arranged in nine systems, each consisting of a grand staff (treble and bass clefs). The music is written in a style characteristic of the late 19th or early 20th century, with complex melodic lines and dense harmonic textures. The notation includes various musical symbols such as notes, rests, accidentals, and dynamic markings like *p* (piano) and *f* (forte). The handwriting is elegant and precise, with clear articulation of the musical ideas. The page is aged, with some visible wear and discoloration, suggesting it is a historical manuscript or a reproduction of one.

Handwritten musical score for piano, consisting of eight systems of staves. The notation includes various musical symbols such as notes, rests, and dynamic markings.

Key markings and dynamics include:

- cresc.* (crescendo)
- pp* (pianissimo)
- decresc.* (decrescendo)
- sempre pp* (always pianissimo)

The score features complex rhythmic patterns, including sixteenth and thirty-second notes, and various fingerings indicated by numbers 1-5. The notation is written in a single system across eight staves, with some staves containing multiple systems of music.





This page of musical notation, numbered 254, contains ten systems of piano music. Each system consists of a grand staff with a treble and bass clef. The notation is highly detailed, featuring complex rhythmic patterns, including sixteenth and thirty-second notes, and various fingerings indicated by numbers 1-5. Dynamic markings such as *cresc.*, *dim.*, *ff*, *sempre f*, and *ten.* are present throughout the piece. The music is written in a key signature of two flats (B-flat and E-flat). The notation includes many slurs, ties, and articulation marks, suggesting a technically demanding and expressive performance. The page is filled with musical notation, with very little blank space.

Handwritten musical score for piano, consisting of ten systems of staves. The notation includes treble and bass clefs, key signatures, and various musical notations such as notes, rests, and fingerings. Performance instructions and dynamics are present throughout the score:

- len.* (lento) appears in the second and third systems.
- ff* (fortissimo) appears in the fourth system.
- decresc.* (decrescendo) appears in the fifth and sixth systems.
- p* (piano) appears in the fifth and sixth systems.
- pp* (pianissimo) appears in the sixth system.
- cresc.* (crescendo) appears in the seventh system.
- sempre pp* (sempre pianissimo) appears in the eighth system.
- espressivo* appears in the ninth system.

The score is written in a single system of ten staves, with each system containing two staves (treble and bass clef). The notation is dense, with many notes and rests, and includes various musical notations such as notes, rests, and fingerings.



This page of musical notation contains eight systems of staves, each with a treble and bass clef. The music is written in a key with two flats (B-flat and E-flat) and a common time signature. The notation is highly detailed, featuring numerous fingerings (e.g., 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, b, #) and dynamic markings. The first system includes the marking *sempre pp*. The second system includes *pp*. The third system includes *pp*. The fourth system includes *cresc.*. The fifth system includes *decresc.* and *sempre pp*. The sixth system includes *decresc.* and *p*. The seventh system includes *decresc.* and *pp*. The eighth system includes *sempre più pp*. The notation is complex, with many sixteenth and thirty-second notes, and various articulations.

Handwritten musical score for piano, consisting of eight systems of staves. The notation includes treble and bass clefs, key signatures, and various musical symbols such as notes, rests, and dynamic markings. The score is written in a cursive, handwritten style.

Dynamic markings include:

- pp* (pianissimo)
- cresc.* (crescendo)
- p* (piano)
- decresc.* (decrescendo)
- cresc.* (crescendo)
- sempre* (always)
- sempre più f* (always more forte)

The score features complex rhythmic patterns, including triplets and sixteenth notes, and is marked with various fingerings and articulations. The notation is dense and detailed, typical of a handwritten musical manuscript.







**Prestissimo.**



This is a handwritten musical score for piano, consisting of eight systems of staves. The notation is complex, featuring numerous triplets, slurs, and various dynamic markings. The key signature is one flat (B-flat). The score includes the following markings and features:

- System 1:** Starts with a treble and bass staff. The bass staff has a triplet of eighth notes. The treble staff has a triplet of eighth notes. The key signature is one flat.
- System 2:** Continues the melody. The bass staff has a triplet of eighth notes. The treble staff has a triplet of eighth notes. The key signature is one flat.
- System 3:** Continues the melody. The bass staff has a triplet of eighth notes. The treble staff has a triplet of eighth notes. The key signature is one flat.
- System 4:** Continues the melody. The bass staff has a triplet of eighth notes. The treble staff has a triplet of eighth notes. The key signature is one flat.
- System 5:** Continues the melody. The bass staff has a triplet of eighth notes. The treble staff has a triplet of eighth notes. The key signature is one flat.
- System 6:** Continues the melody. The bass staff has a triplet of eighth notes. The treble staff has a triplet of eighth notes. The key signature is one flat.
- System 7:** Continues the melody. The bass staff has a triplet of eighth notes. The treble staff has a triplet of eighth notes. The key signature is one flat.
- System 8:** Continues the melody. The bass staff has a triplet of eighth notes. The treble staff has a triplet of eighth notes. The key signature is one flat.

Dynamic markings include *ff*, *p dolce*, *fz*, *sempre pp*, *pp*, *ppp*, and *pp*. The score is written in a cursive, handwritten style.



Handwritten musical score for piano, consisting of eight systems of staves. The notation includes treble and bass clefs, various musical notes, rests, and dynamic markings.

Key markings and dynamics include:

- cresc.* (crescendo)
- pp* (pianissimo)
- decresc.* (decrescendo)

The score features complex rhythmic patterns, including triplets and sixteenth notes, and includes fingerings (e.g., 1, 2, 3, 4, 5) and articulation marks (e.g., accents, slurs). The manuscript is written in ink on aged paper.

# Recit. — 'TIS DONE.

**SOPRANO VOICE.** GALATEA.  
'Tis done; thus I exert my pow'r di. vine, Be thou immortal, though thou art not mine.

**ACCOMP.**

## Air. — HEART, THE SEAT OF SOFT DELIGHT.

**SOPRANO VOICE.** *Larghetto.*  
(♩ = 12.)

**ACCOMP.** *p*

*pp* *mf*

**GALATEA**  
Heart..... the seat of soft de. light....., Be thou now a.....

*pp* *f* *p*

foun.....tain bright: Heart, the seat of soft delight, Heart, the seat of soft delight,



Be thou now a fountain bright: Pur.....ple be no more thy



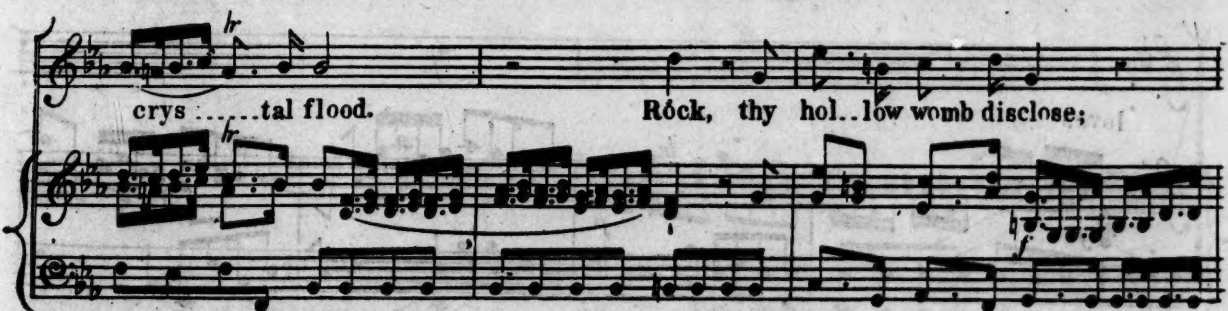
blood, Glide thou like a crystal flood, Glide thou like a crystal flood, Glide .....



... thou like a



crys .....tal flood. Röck, thy hol..low womb disclose;



The bubbling fountain, lo! it flows. Through the



plains he joys to rove, Murm'ring still his gentle love; Through the plains he joys to rove.

murm'ring still his gentle love; murm'ring still his gentle love, murm'ring still his gentle love....

*pp*

..... murm'ring still his gentle love.

love.

*f* *p*

8<sup>va</sup>





# GAVOTTE

PIANO



Piano.

dim. *p* *f* *cresc.* *rit.* *a tempo* *ritard. dim.* *p* *cresc.* *ritard. dim.* *p* *rit.*



Harmonium.

This page contains seven systems of musical notation for a Harmonium. The notation is written on grand staves (treble and bass clefs joined). The key signature is one sharp (F#), and the time signature is 4/4. The systems are as follows:

- System 1:** Features a melodic line in the treble and a supporting bass line. Dynamics include *cresc.* and *dim.*. There are circled 'X' marks at the end of each staff.
- System 2:** Continues the melodic and bass lines. Dynamics include *p*, *mf*, and *f*. There are accents (^) over several notes.
- System 3:** Includes a tempo change to *a tempo*. Dynamics include *p*, *rit.*, and *mf*. There are circled numbers 4 above and below the staff.
- System 4:** Features a melodic line with a *cresc.* marking and a bass line with a *ritard dim.* marking.
- System 5:** Includes a tempo change to *a tempo*. Dynamics include *mf*, *p*, and *cresc.*. There are accents (^) over several notes.
- System 6:** Features a melodic line with a *ritard. dim.* marking and a bass line with a *p* marking.
- System 7:** Includes a tempo change to *a tempo*. Dynamics include *p* and *rit.*. There is a circled number 2 above the staff.

# ROMANCE.

HENSELT.

PIANOFORTE.

**Allegro  
comodo.**

*sempre p*

*p*

*1*

*1*

*Ped.*

*\* Ped. \**

*p rit. a tempo.*

*ten.*

*a tempo.*

*rit. a tempo.*

*cres.*

*f*

*dim.*

*rit.*

*ten.*

*affettuoso.*

*dim.*

*p dimin.*

*morendo.*

*pp*





# ROMANCE.

HENSELT.

HARMONIUM.

**Allegro comodo.**

**System 1:** Treble staff starts with a whole rest, then a series of eighth notes. Bass staff starts with a whole rest, then a series of eighth notes. Dynamics: *pp*, *p*. Performance instructions: *sempre p*, *rit. a*. Markings: (1) (2) (0), (S) (\*).

**System 2:** Treble staff continues with eighth notes. Bass staff continues with eighth notes. Dynamics: *ten*. Markings: (2), (2).

**System 3:** Treble staff continues with eighth notes. Bass staff continues with eighth notes. Dynamics: *a tempo*, *rit. a tempo*, *cres.*, *f*, *rit.*. Markings: (2).

**System 4:** Treble staff continues with eighth notes. Bass staff continues with eighth notes. Dynamics: *ten*. Markings: (2).

**System 5:** Treble staff continues with eighth notes. Bass staff continues with eighth notes. Dynamics: *affettuoso.*, *dim.*, *p dimin.*, *pp*. Markings: (1).

# YOUNG SAILORS.

Words by E. A. B.

Music by WALTER BARNETT

**Moderato.**

**VOICE.**

1. We're bold young sai-lors' home from sea, A mer-ry lit-tle  
2. Our ships the fin-est e-ver seen, She mocks at all mis  
3. We're free and ea-sy in our talk, Our man-ners may be

**PIANO.**

1. band, You know us by our coats of blue, Our hands and fa-ces tann'd.  
2. haps: Her name, you know, is "Sane-y Flo," You see it on our caps.  
3 bluff, But when on land, please un-der-stand We're ve-ry far from rough.

**CHORUS.**

Then shout Hur-rah, my mer-ry boys, And give a three times three! For the

jol-ly tar who sails a-far A-cross the bounding sea, A-cross the bounding sea.

ROYLE & TANNER, THE SELWOOD PRINTING WORKS, FRAMER, AND LONDON.





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